

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...



NO. 4
SEPTEMBER

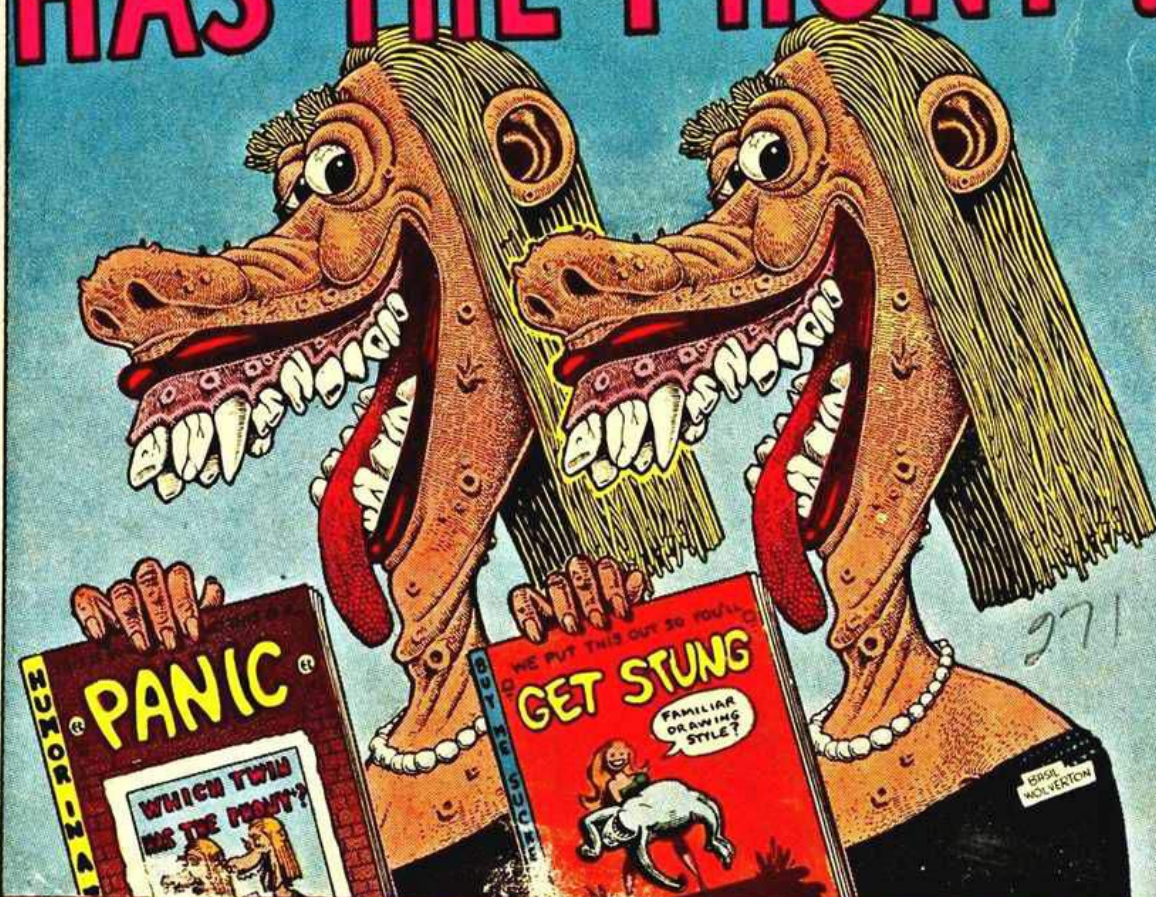
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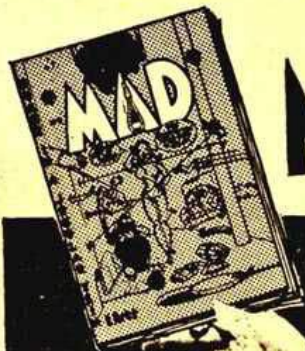
10¢

PANIC

WHICH TWIN HAS THE PHONY*?



*MELVINA, ON THE RIGHT, HAS THE PHONY...
BECAUSE IRVINA, ON THE LEFT, HAS PANIC, THE
ONLY AUTHORIZED IMITATION OF **MAD!**



NO NEED TO FIGHT OVER **MAD**

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS! IF YOU ONLY HAVE ONE COPY OF **MAD** BETWEEN YOU BECAUSE YOUR NEWSDEALER HAS RUN OUT OF COPIES... BE SMART! SUBSCRIBE! JUST THINK! YOU CAN GET A 10¢ COMIC BOOK FOR JUST 12½¢!

SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

MAD EDITORS

RM. 706

225 LAFAYETTE ST.

NYC 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **MAD** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00).

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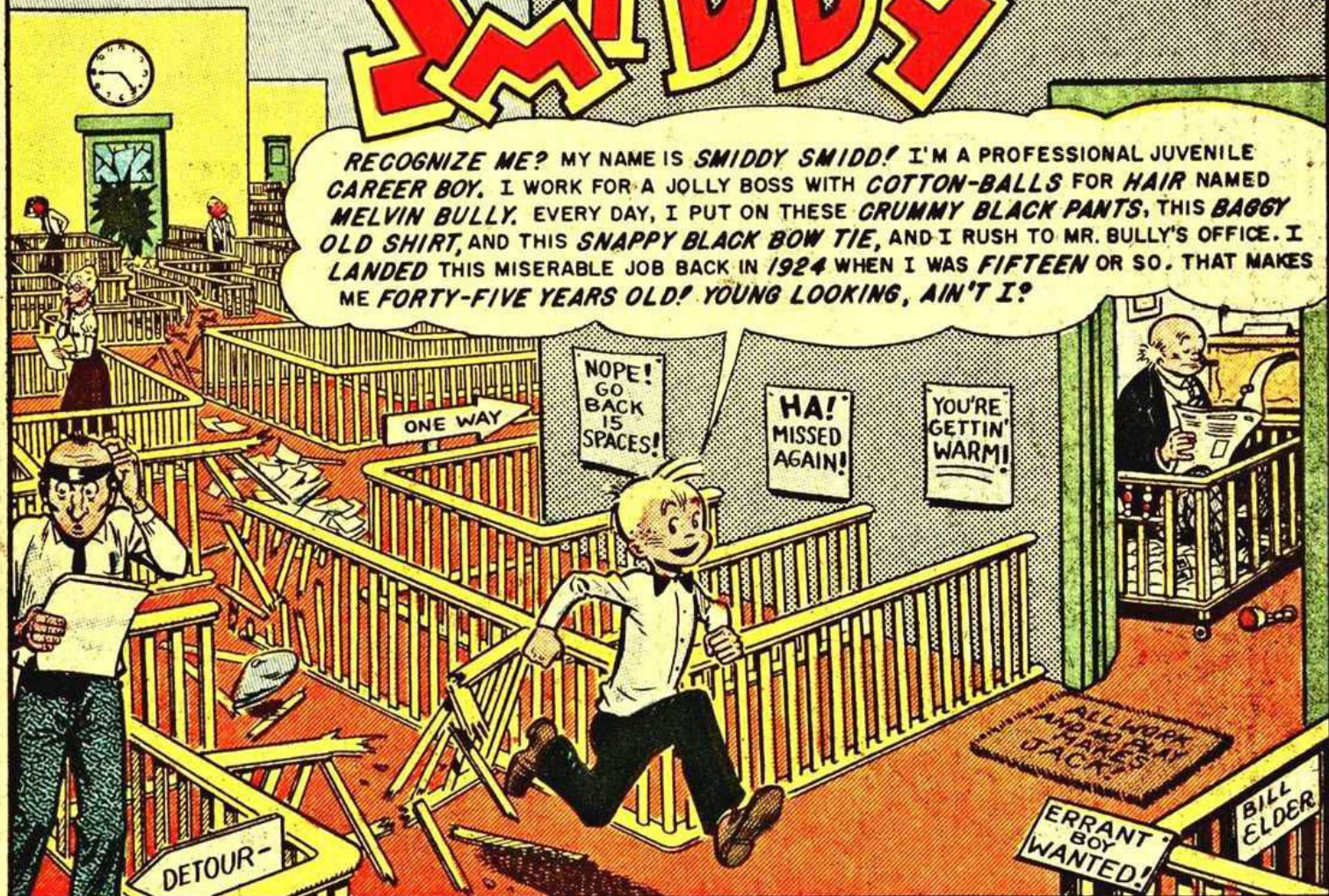
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

PLEASE PRINT

ETERNAL YOUTH-TYPE COMIC STRIP DEPT. (LITTLE ANFUL ANNIE'S GOT NOTHIN' ON THIS GUY! DIVISION): HERE'S ANOTHER PERENNIAL FAVORITE THAT'S BEEN GRACING THE PAGES OF YOUR NEWSPAPER COMIC SECTION SINCE CALVIN COOLIGE, OH SO SILENTLY, TOOK OVER THE WHITE HOUSE. IT'S THE STORY OF A CLEVER HARD-WORKING BOY, HIS CLEVER HARD-WORKING BOSS, HIS CLEVER LISPING LITTLE BROTHER, HIS CLEVER LOVING MAMA AND POPPA, A CLEVER INDIAN GUIDE, A CLEVER INDIAN CHIEF, AND A *FISH* THAT'S CLEVERER THAN *ALL SEVEN OF THEM*. THIS ANCIENT STRIP GOES BY NAME OF...

SMIDDY

RECOGNIZE ME? MY NAME IS SMIDDY SMIDD! I'M A PROFESSIONAL JUVENILE CAREER BOY. I WORK FOR A JOLLY BOSS WITH COTTON-BALLS FOR HAIR NAMED MELVIN BULLY. EVERY DAY, I PUT ON THESE GRUMMY BLACK PANTS, THIS BAGGY OLD SHIRT, AND THIS SNAPPY BLACK BOW TIE, AND I RUSH TO MR. BULLY'S OFFICE. I LANDED THIS MISERABLE JOB BACK IN 1924 WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN OR SO. THAT MAKES ME FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLD! YOUNG LOOKING, AIN'T I?



THIS IS MY MAMA AND POPPA. THEY LOVE ME. THEY ALWAYS ENCOURAGE ME. THEY GIVE ME STRENGTH. THEY TAKE MY PAYCHECK. SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERING ME FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. IT'S BEEN PREYING ON MY MIND...

POPPA! WHY DO I HAVE TO WORK?

SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?! SHUT UP AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST!



NOW COMES MY BABY BROTHER HOIBY. HOIBY LISPS. THIS MAKES HIM CUTE. HE WEARS BABY-TYPE CLOTHES. THIS MAKES HIM CUTER. HE'S BEEN WEARING BABY-TYPE CLOTHES AND LISPING FOR THIRTY YEARS. THIS MAKES HIM A VERY CUTE THIRTY-FOUR YEAR OLD...

THO! I'M A MIDJIT! WHATH' YOUR EXCUTHE?

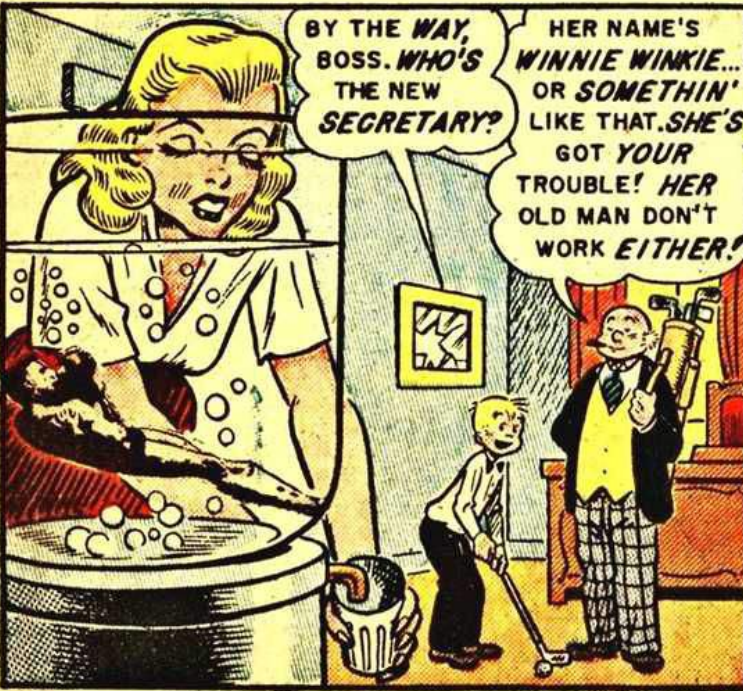
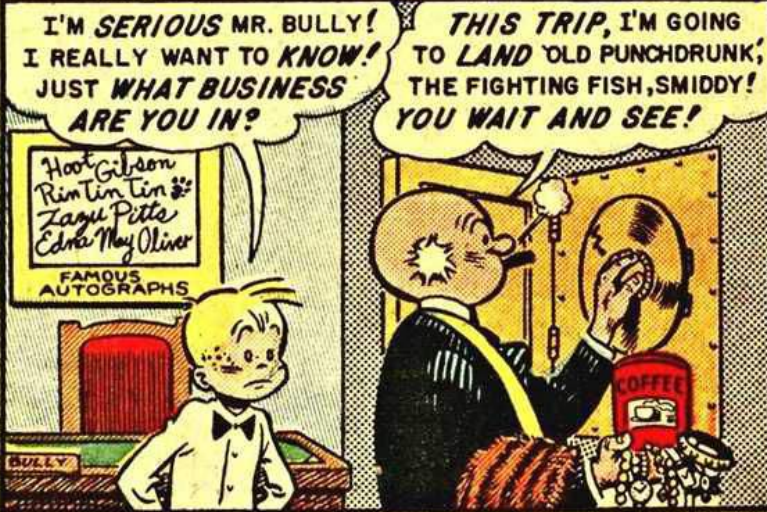
LEAVE SMIDDY ALONE, HOIBY! SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK. WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?! ZOOOP!

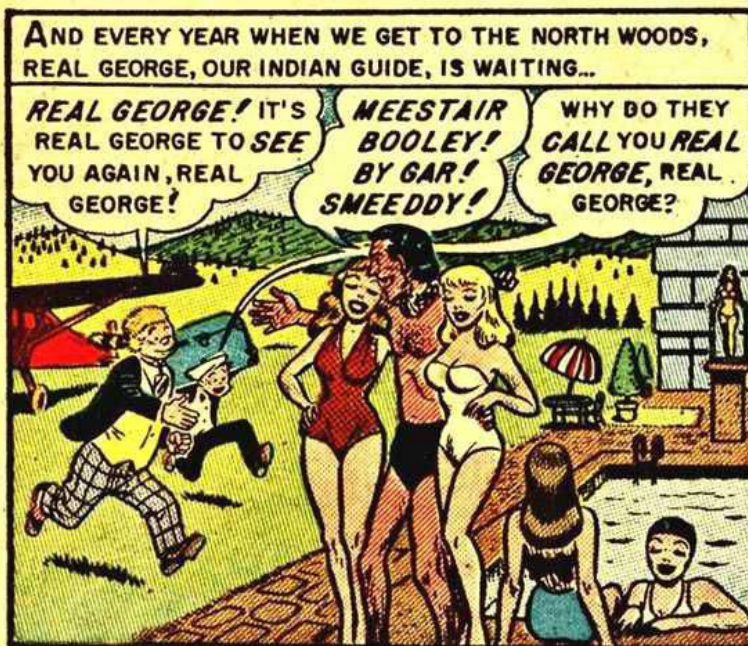


THIS IS THE OFFICE WHERE I WORK. IT'S A BUSY-LOOKING OFFICE. IT'S GOT WATER COOLERS AND DESKS AND FENCE-PARTITIONS RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE. SOMETHING'S BEEN **BOTHERING** ME FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. IT'S BEEN **PREYING ON MY MIND...**



YOU SEE, FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS MY BOSS, MR. BULLY, HAS BEEN GOING UP TO THE NORTH WOODS REGULARLY TO TRY AND CATCH 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK', THE FIGHTING FISH. **DON'T WORRY, THOUGH! HE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM! THE DAY HE LANDS THAT FISH, THIS STRIP DIES!...**





HOW'S 'OLD PUNCH-
DRUNK', REAL GEORGE?
ANYBODY CATCH THAT
OLD FIGHTING FISH
YET? DID THAT FRENCH-
CANADIAN INDIAN CHIEF,
LITTLE MOUSSE...?

LEETLE
MOUSSE
EES DAD!

MONEY
DOESN'T
GROW ON
TREES-BUT
'LIMBS'
HAVE A
WAY OF
ATTRACTING
IT!!

BAIT

DEAD?!
IMPOSSIBLE!

DEN I
GO DEEG
HEEM
UPP! EEF
HE NO DAD...
HEEM NO USE
BEENG
BARIED!

HOLD
ON, REAL
GEORGE!
HOW'D
LITTLE
MOUSSE
DIE?

CAUGHT
COLD?
USE BILL'S
INSTANT
MUSTARD
PLASTER.
ALSO COMES
IN KETCHUP
AND RELISH

HEEM HAUNTING OLD
PAUNCHDRUNK! HEEM
WALKEENG DOWN BY ZEE
LAKE SHORE! HEEM
TREEP AND FALL!
COME! I SHOW YOU!

POOR
OLD
LITTLE
MOUSSE!
HE WAS
THE
CREAM...

HEEM TREEP
OVER DAM!
DERE!

GEE, ISN'T IT A
LITTLE TOO COLD
FOR SWIMMING,
MR. BULLY?

FORTY-FIVE
YEARS OLD,
THIS KID IS!
FORTY-FIVE!
AND UNMARRIED
BY THE
SOILING HANDS
OF LIFE!

THE
PRUDENTIAL

BAIT

OH, I GUESS THEY'RE
ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE
WEARING EARMUFFS!

C'MON, REAL GEORGE!
TIME'S A-WASTING!
LET'S GO FIND 'OLD
PUNCHDRUNK!

BY
GAR!

-CHILL
CAN'T
KILL!

AT THIS POINT, YOU USUALLY GET AN UNDERWATER
SHOT OF 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK', THE FIGHTING FISH. SO
HERE IT IS...

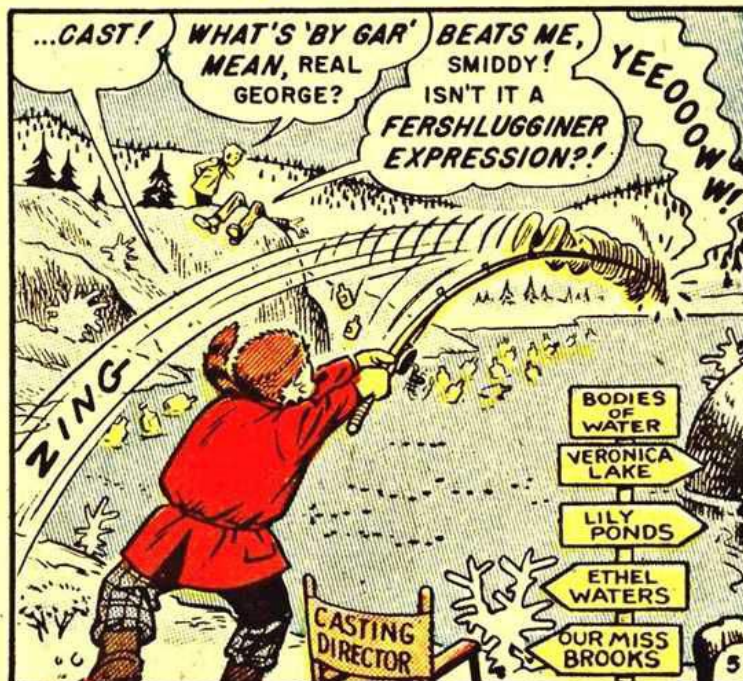
DUH, AH FAU' TWENNY-TREE FIGHTS!
DUH, AH'M IN GOO' CONDISHUN! ONY
T'ING IS, IH HOITS ME A LI'L... HERE!

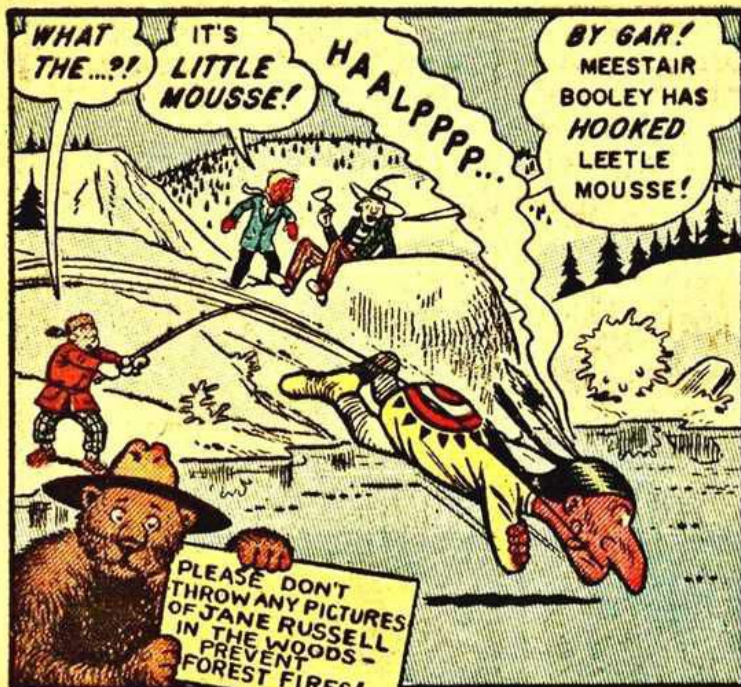
GROSSINGERS

BY GAR! DERE
HE EES,
MEESTER
BOOLEY!

SH-H-H-H-H! LET ME
GET MY EQUIPMENT
TOGETHER! SMIDDY!
SMIDDY? SMIDDY!

CAN'T I GET
YOU SOME
HOT
CHOCOLATE,
FOLKS?



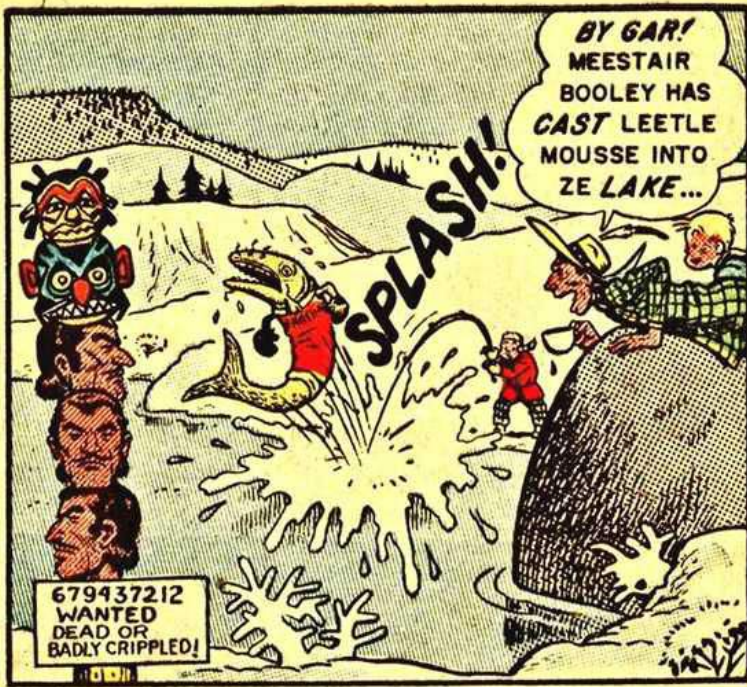


WHAT THE...?!

IT'S LITTLE MOUSSE!

HAALPPP...

BY GAR! MEESTAIR BOOLEY HAS HOOKED LEETLE MOUSSE!



BY GAR! MEESTAIR BOOLEY HAS CAST LEETLE MOUSSE INTO ZE LAKE...

SPLASH!

679437212
WANTED
DEAD OR
BADLY CRIPPLED!



BY GAR! LEETLE MOUSSE HAS SPLASHED 'OLD PAUNCHDRUNK' ONTO ZE SHORE!



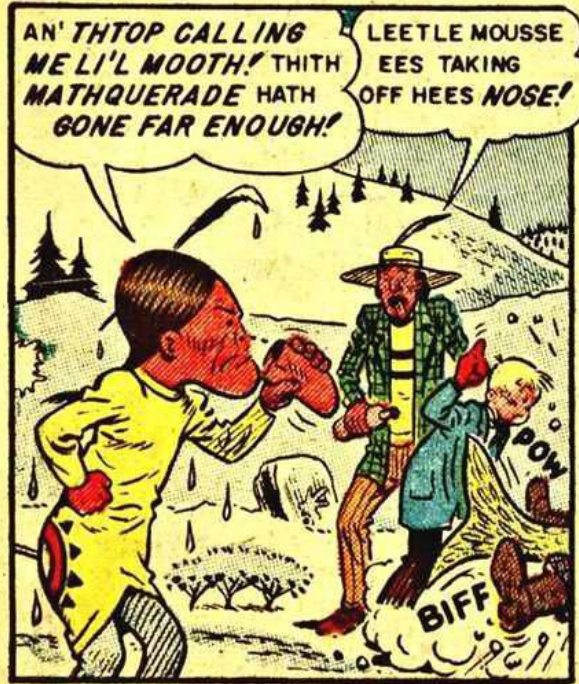
I CAUGHT HIM!
I CAUGHT HIM!
I FINALLY CAUGHT 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK'!

ONY T'ING IS, IH HOITS ME... HERE!



WAIT A MINUTE! THTOP! THITH FITH ITH MINE! I THPLASHED HIM OUT OF THE WATER! HE'TH MINE!

LEETLE MOUSSE! I THAWT YOU WAZ DAD!



AN' THTOP CALLING ME LI'L MOOTH! THITH MATHQUERADE HATH GONE FAR ENOUGH!

LEETLE MOUSSE EES TAKING OFF HEES NOSE!

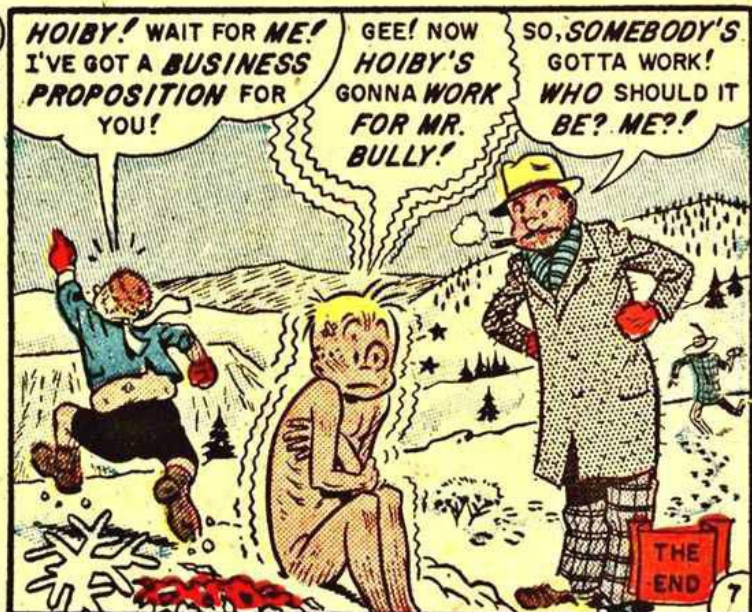
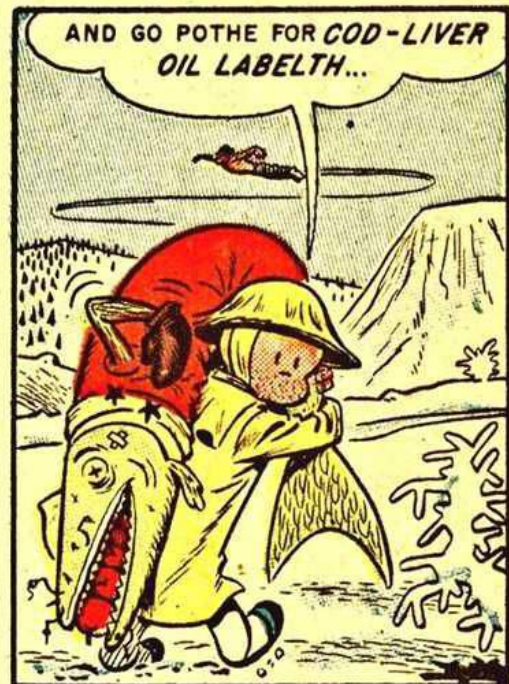
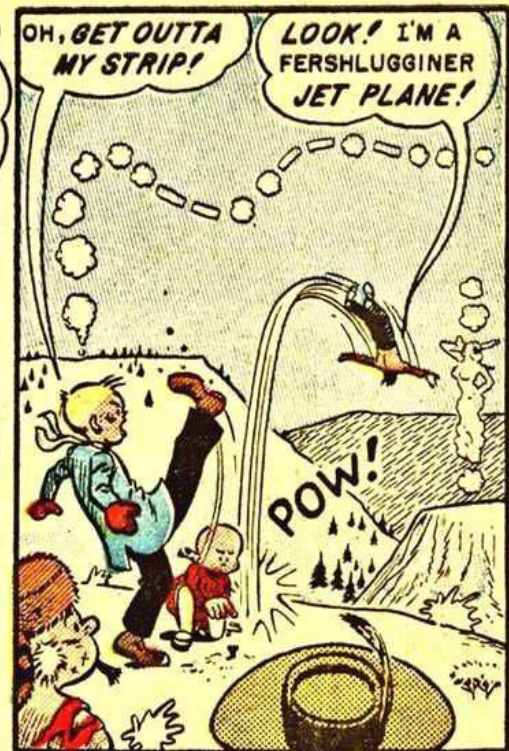


LEETLE MOUSSE EES TAKING OFF HEES HAIR.



LEETLE MOUSSE EES NOT LEETLE MOUSSE!

BY GAR! HOIBY!



The other day, your editors got one of those very intimate personal newsletters in the mail...you know!...the kind that people who want to be "in-the-know" subscribe to. We thought, in the interests of journalism and so you shouldn't worry about your economic and political future, we'd give you our version of one of these missives:

THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON LETTER

CIRCULATED PRIVATELY TO IDIOTS

THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON GRAPEVINE AGENCY

Washington, Blue Monday, June 7, 1954.

Dear Sucker,

Business has boomed for the past five years, reaching an all-time high in sales and profits. At no time in history have we prospered so.

But the outlook for the coming year is for a mild recession ending in unemployment and bankruptcy for most of the workers and small business men in America. The outlook is awful, terrible, suicidal. Unless, that is, something is done.

So something will be done to prevent a mild recession ending in all that mess. Take it from us. We got inside information.

There will be no mild recession. We will continue having a boom.

What will be done to prevent a mild recession: Nobody is talking. The big economists in the Administration are mum. But we've got inside information. We have reliable sources close to top-level policy makers.

What our reliable information-givers tell us will be done: Nothing! Business is in a mild recession and nothing can be done about it. The bust always follows the boom. The boom always follows the bust. So...

There will be no mild recession once the mild recession is over.

What about a depression following the mild recession? This may or may not be in the offing. It all depends on the world picture.

The world picture looks bad. This is obvious to anyone who looks at the world picture. We've looked at it. It's bad.

There will be a depression following a mild recession because the world picture looks bad. If the world picture changes, the depression might be avoided.

Will the world picture change? It could. It's all according. Reliable information sent to us from optimists in Europe say "Yes!" and so we say, "Yes, the world picture will change."

Then a depression following a mild recession will be avoided. That's the way things look as of now. We'll see.

And if something is done instead of letting the business cycle run its course, even the mild recesssion can be avoided.

We think something will be done, regardless of what our reliable information-givers tell us.

So with a depression and a mild recession avoided, look forward to a continued business boom in the next five years, topping the last five..

Scared you, didn't we?

Yours for bigger ulcers,
THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON AGENCY

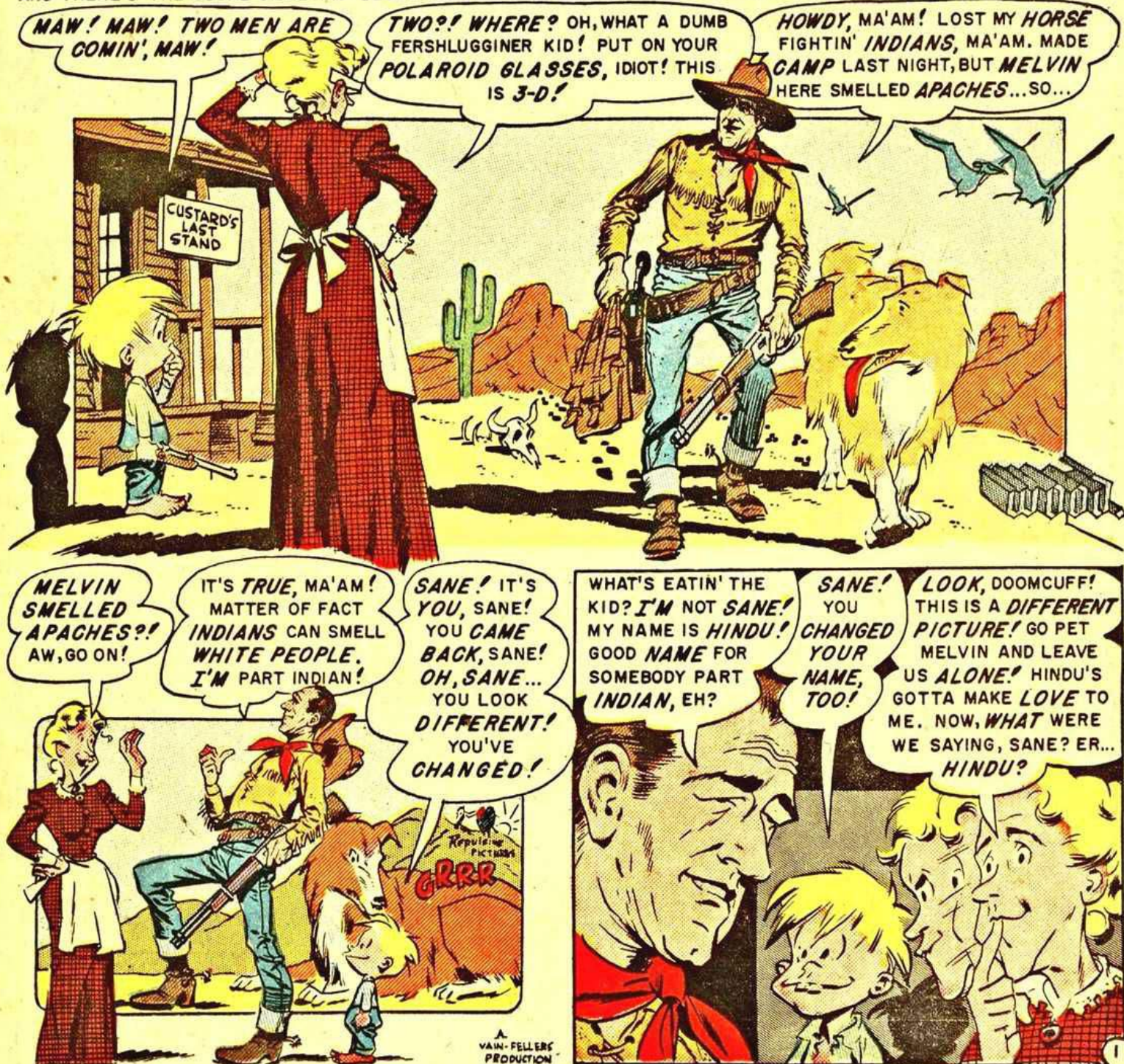
Mein Crippling

June 16, 1954 (So it takes long to write!)

WESTERN EPIC MOVIE DEPT. (FOLLOW THE FORMULA AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG! DIVISION): THEY HAVE A PROVEN FORMULA IN HOLLYWOOD THESE DAYS FOR PRODUCING SUCCESSFUL WESTERN MOVIES THAT MAKE MONEY. AND WHEN THEY THROW IN **3-D** TO BOOT, WELL, HOW CAN THEY MISS? THIS LATEST "STRANGER THAT COMES IN OUT OF NOWHERE TO CHOP WOOD AND TEACH THE RANCHER'S SON TO BE A MAN WHILE MAKING LOVE TO THE RANCHER'S WIFE ON THE Q.T." SAGEBRUSH SAGA IS CALLED...

HINDU

AFTER THE TITLE IS FLASHED ON THE SCREEN, THE CREDITS FOLLOW. BUT NOBODY READS THEM BECAUSE THE BORING STUFF IS SUPERIMPOSED ON A SHOT OF A STRANGER TRIPPING AND STUMBLING ACROSS THE RUGGED ROCKY DESERT! YEP! HERE HE COMES, FOLKS. AND THERE'S THE RANCH. AND THERE'S THE WIFE. AND THERE'S THE KID. AND THERE'S THE USUAL SICKENING BEGINNING FOR THIS KIND OF PRAIRIE HEROIC-TYPE DRIVEL...



I WAS SAYIN' INDIANS CAN SMELL WHITE PEOPLE, MA'AM. MATTER OF FACT, I CAN SMELL YOU!

YOU'RE NO BED OF ROSES YOURSELF, BUSTER!



SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF! I CAN SMELL THE CHLOROPHYL TOOTH-PASTE ON YOUR GUMS. I CAN SMELL THE HALO SHAMPOO IN YOUR HAIR. I CAN SMELL THE ARID UNDER YOUR ARMS. I CAN SMELL... ER... LASAGNA!? YOU COOKIN' LASAGNA? I LOVE LASAGNA! LET'S EAT! I'M HONGRY!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE HINDU.



NICE DOG! NICE... YEOWWW!

WHY, YOU LET HIM PET THAT DOG AND YOU KNEW IT WOULD BITE HIM! HOW COULD YOU!?



PEOPLE LEARN BY BEIN' BIT, MA'AM! YOUR KID JUS' LEARNED! BESIDES! MELVIN WAS HONGRY TOO!

OOOOOH! YOU... YOU...

TAKE IT EASY, MAW! DON'T GET MAD AT HIM. YOU GOTTA FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM. LET'S FACE IT! THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT! IN 3-D, NO LESS!

YOU GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO SWIM, HINDU? HUH? YOU GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO SWIM?

YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM! YOU! A SIX YEAR OLD! DON'T KNOW HOW TO SWIM! WELL, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED!



THIS IS THE WAY I LEARNED. SOMEBODY PICKED ME UP... JUS' LIKE THIS...

AND THREW ME... JUS' LIKE THIS...

THAT'S THE WAY I LEARNED!

IT'S A GOOD WAY T'LEARN, HINDU! BUT DON'T YOU GOTTA HAVE WATER?



LATER...

HMMMM! THIS AX AIN'T BEEN SHARPENED IN SIX MONTHS!

I GOT A HUSBAND, HINDU. HE'S UP IN THE HILLS. HE'LL BE HOME SOON! SO...



HMMMM! THESE PLOW HORSES AIN'T BEEN SHOD IN SIX MONTHS!

HE'LL BE HOME SHORTLY, MY HUSBAND! HE'S CHASIN' STRAY CALVES! HE'LL BE HOME ANY MINUTE! SO...



HMMMM!

SO, DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, HINDU! I GOT A HUSBAND AND HE'LL BE HOME...



HOW COME A WOMAN ALWAYS THINKS EVERY MAN THAT COMES ALONG WANTS SOMETHIN'! HUH? HOW COME?

SO!? YOU ANY DIFFERENT?



GUESS NOT! HEH, HEH...

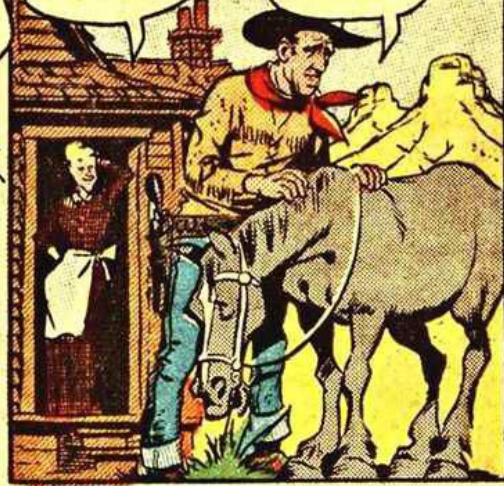
HALP!

AW, C'MON, MAW! LET'S GET THE MUSH OVER WITH SO HINDU CAN GO KILL PAW AN' GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD! GIVE 'IM WHAT HE WANTS!



ALL RIGHT, HINDU! I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT! COME INSIDE!

WHAT I WANT AIN'T INSIDE, MA'AM. WHAT I WANT IS THIS HORSE, HERE. GOOD-LOOKIN' HORSE!



THE NEXT MORNING...

WELL, S'LONG, MRS. LOWLIFE. THANKS FOR THE LASAGNA AND THE HORSE. IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE YOU'LL COME WITH ME TO THE CAVALRY POST. THE APACHES ARE ON THE WARPATH. THEY'LL HAVE YOUR SCALP!

I GOTTA STAY HERE AND WAIT FOR MY HUSBAND, HINDU! BESIDES...



... IF I STAY, YOU GOTTA COME BACK AND SAVE ME FROM THE INDIANS... AND LET'S FACE IT, THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT!

OKAY! BUT BEFORE I GO, I'M GONNA KISS YOU! BECAUSE I SURE AIN'T GONNA WANT TO KISS YOU WHEN YOU GOT NO HAIR! SO, C'MERE...



NAY!

THE SAME AFTERNOON, AFTER HINDU'D RIDDEN OFF, MRS. LOWLIFE DISCOVERS THAT APACHES HAVE SUR-ROUNDED THE RANCH...



H-H-HI, FELLOWS! ER... **TOUGH BREAK, THE JEFFERSON NICKLE PUTTIN' YOU OUT OF BUSINESS!**

WELL, WE **STILL** GOT THE **PONTIAC DEAL!** BUT **ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT!** WE'VE COME TO **SCALP** YOU!

PSST...**HEY, CHIEF!** **PIGEON ENGLISH!** **REMEMBER?**

UGH! ME FORGET'UM MY SELF! LOSE'UM HEAD!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

ALL RIGHT, LOOEY! DROP THAT **TOMAHAWK!**



HO, HO! GET'UM LOAD LITTLE WHITE-HEADED BOY WITH **BIG GUN**. GET **WISE, KID!** DON'T BE NO **HERO!** YOUR OLD LADY AIN'T WORTH IT!

HEY, CHIEF! PSST! **PIGEON ENGLISH!** **REMEMBER?**

YOU GIVE HER BACK HER **SCALP** OR I'LL **SHOOT!**

ME GET'UM BIG-SHOT KID! ME **FIX'UM!** ME...



ME **CRAZY!** ME CAN GET'UM **HEAD BLOWN OFF!**

HO, HO! WHITE-HEADED BOY IS **BRAVE!** COME HERE, WHITE-HEADED BOY!

THE APACHE CHIEF PULLS HIS KNIFE...



YOU 'FRAID OF **KNIFE?**

NOPE!

HE SLICES THE BOY'S THUMB, DRAWING BLOOD...



YOU 'FRAID OF **BLOOD?**

NOPE!

THE APACHE CHIEF PUTS THE BLADE TO HIS OWN THUMB AND HESITATES...



YOU AFRAID TO BE **BLOOD-BROTHER** OF APACHE CHIEF?

NOPE! IT'S **OKAY** WITH ME!

WELL, IT **NOT OKAY** WITH ME! I **SCARED STIFF** OF **KNIFE** AND **BLOOD!** 'BYE...



WEEKS LATER, A WEARY HINDU RIDES INTO THE CAVALRY CAMP ON HIS FAITHFUL DOG, MELVIN, DRAGGING MRS. LOWLIFE'S HORSE BEHIND...



SUDDENLY, A YELLOW-LIVERED DIRTY-LOOKIN' EVIL-EYED COYOTE OF A STRANGER RUSHES UP...



HEY, HINDU! BEFORE YOU GO! LOOK WHAT I FOUND ON THE GUY YOU JUST KILLED! A TINTYPE... OF A KID!

I'LL TAKE IT, BUFFLE HEAD, BECAUSE I READ THE SCENARIO, AND IT'S GONNA SAVE MY LIFE!



AND SO, ARMED WITH THE FADED PICTURE OF LITTLE IRVING LOWLIFE, HINDU RIDES BACK INTO INDIAN COUNTRY... BACK TO THE LITTLE RANCH WHERE HE'D TASTED HAPPINESS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS MISERABLE LIFE...

UGH! LOOK'UM! WHITE MAN... ON DOG!

UGH! HIM SCALP LOOK'UM GOOD ON SPEAR!

WHO? WHITE MAN'S?

NO! DOG'S!

LET'S GO GET'UM!



INDIANS, MELVIN! WE'RE BEING CHASED BY INDIANS! GO, BOY! GO!

I'D LOVE TO GO!



I'D LOVE TO GO BACK HOME! WHY I EVER GAVE UP THAT LASSIE PART FOR THIS, I'LL NEVER KNOW!

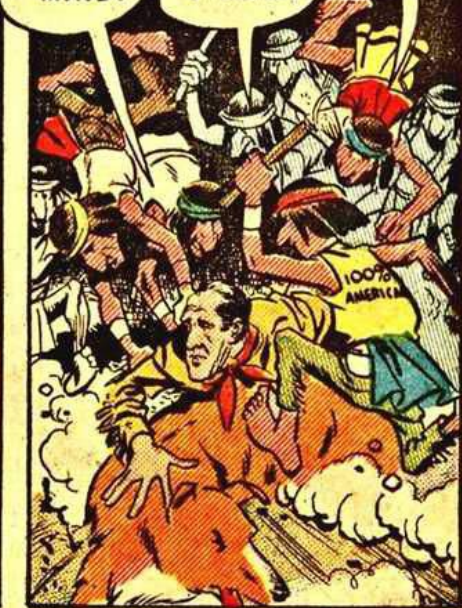


AW, C'MON, MELVIN! GO!

OH, NEVER MIND!

STAKE'UM OUT ON GROUND!

LIGHT'UM UP FIRE!



COYOTE DIE SCREAMING! PUMA DIE SILENT! WE SEE HOW YOU DIE, WHITE MAN!

I AIN'T NO COYOTE, CHIEF!



PUT 'IM HOT GOALS ON'M EYES!

AND I AIN'T NO PUMA!



I'M JUST A PLAIN GOWARD! LOOK IN MY POCKET! THERE'S A TINTYPE THERE! QUICK, BEFORE I SEE RED!



BY NOW, THE WHOLE AUDIENCE IS SEEING RED, SO AT THIS POINT THERE'S A 3-D INTERMISSION IN ORDER FOR YOU TO SCREW YOUR EYEBALLS BACK INTO THEIR SOCKETS!

HOURS LATER...

LOOK, MAW! LOOK! FIFTY STRANGERS ARE COMING!

YOU GOT THOSE 3-D GLASSES OFF AGAIN? WHAT A CRAZY FERSHLUG-...

OH OH

CLOP CLOP

STRANGERS, NOTHIN'! THEM'S INDIANS! AND THEY'VE GOT HINDU WITH 'EM!

SANE! YOU'VE COME BACK, SANE! GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO PLAY SCRABBLE, SANE?

WILL YUH SHUT THAT KID UP WITH THE SANE BIT?

IS THIS YOUR MAN?

NO, HE AIN'T MY MAN! HOW DARE YOU CALL HIM MY MAN...

ANGEL, HONEY! USE YOUR HEAD! ED, YOUR HUSBAND, IS DEAD! AND THESE CREEPS WANT TO KILL ME, TOO!

HOW DARE YOU CALL HIM MY MAN... WHEN HE'S MY HUSBAND! DARLING? DID THEY HURT YOU? DID THEY?

ONLY WHEN I LAUGHED!

OKAY! WE GO! WE SPARE'UM YOUR LIFE! NOT BECAUSE YOU BRAVE LIKE PUMA! NOT BECAUSE YOU COWARDLY LIKE COYOTE! BECAUSE YOU PRODUCE THIS PICTURE AND WE WANT'UM GET'UM PAID! 'BYE...

AND SO, HINDU IS SAFE AT THE LOWLIFE RANCH. AND HAPPY WEEKS GO BY...

WHAT'CHA DOIN', IRVING? FISHING? YOU DIDN'T CATCH ANYTHING, DID YOU?

HOW'D YOU GUESS?

SIMPLE! SEE WHERE THE SUN IS? YOU'RE CASTING A SHADOW! IF YOU CAN SEE IT, THE FISH CAN! NEVER LET YOUR SHADOW FALL WHERE YOU'RE FISHIN'!

TURN AROUND! FACE THE SUN! ALWAYS FISH INTO THE SUN! LIKE THIS... SEE?

THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO FISH, HINDU, BUT DON'T YOU GOTTA FISH IN THE WATER?

IN ALL GOOD WESTERN THRILLERS, THE CAVALRY ARRIVES IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE THE RANCHERS FROM THE ATTACKING INDIANS. HOWEVER, IN THIS HORSE-OPERA HORROR, THE CAVALRY COMES TOO SOON.

THE INDIANS HAVEN'T EVEN ATTACKED YET! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

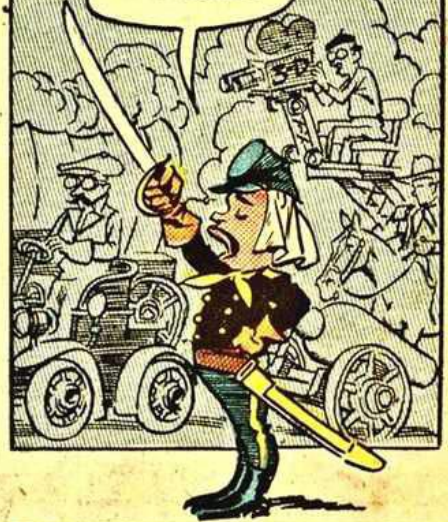
LOOK, BUDDY! FIVE THOUSAND THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY GOT 3-D GLASSES BEIN' SHIPPED ON A CERTAIN DAY.



THEY GOT CHAIN-DRIVEN 3-D PROJECTORS RENTED FOR THE SAME DAY!



SO INDIANS OR NO INDIANS, WE'RE WINDING UP THIS PICTURE! KISS THE BROAD AND LET'S GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD!



OH, HINDU! WE'LL BE SO HAPPY ON YOUR LITTLE SEVENTY THOUSAND ACRE RANCH IN CALIFORNIA!

YEAH!

MAYBE WE'LL FIND GOLD ON IT... OR OIL!

OR MAYBE HOLLYWOOD WILL USE IT FOR LOCATION SHOTS FOR LEMONS LIKE THIS ONE!

JUST ONE THING BOTHERS ME, ANGEL!



WHEN THE APACHES BROUGHT ME HERE AND ASKED YOU IF I WAS YOUR MAN, WHY DID YOU TELL 'EM I WAS?

SIMPLE, HINDU!

SOMEBODY'S GOTTA DO THE WORK AROUND THIS MISERABLE RANCH! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?!

SANE'S COMIN' BACK SOMEDAY, MA! HE PROMISED! HE COULD DO IT!

OH, SHUT UP!



THE END

NOW...IF YOU JOIN...YOU GET THE BULLETIN...FREE!



YES, FANS... YOU, TOO, CAN BE LUCKY LIKE MELVIN, HERE! YOU, TOO, CAN COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF E.C.'S! YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB

AND RECEIVE YOUR **MEMBERSHIP KIT** (WHICH INCLUDES A FULL-COLOR 7½X10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN)... PLUS A **FREE SUBSCRIPTION** TO THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN!**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FOR AN **INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP**, WHICH INCLUDES **KIT AND FREE SUBSCRIPTION**, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH **50¢***. IF **FIVE OR MORE** OF YOU WANT TO JOIN AS AN **AUTHORIZED CHAPTER**, ENCLOSE **EACH MEMBER'S** NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH **50¢** FOR **EACH NAME** AND INDICATE THE **NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT**. WE WILL NOTIFY **EACH PRESIDENT** OF HIS **CHAPTER NUMBER**. **EACH MEMBER**, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT **DIRECTLY**... PLUS **EACH ISSUE** OF THE **BULLETIN** AS IT COMES OFF THE PRESS.

* (SO WHO'S GONNA FOOT THE BILL FOR THE BULLETINS, US!?)
SURE WE HAD TO RAISE THE PRICE! SO SUE US!

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N. Y.

So here's my 50¢! So I could've joined for half the price a couple of months back* So now I get a bulletin subscription. So who says I want it. So I'm a sucker. So put me down and send me the stuff what the kid's wearing and the bulletin I don't want but I'm paying for...

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZONE NO. _____

* (NO 25¢ MEMBERSHIP WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER JUNE 1, 1954)

PAN-MAIL

Dear Editors,

Being an avid MAD fan, I figured PANIC would be just as good. Well, it's great! As a matter of fact, it's better than MAD, and you know that's pretty hard to achieve.

Glenda Rosedale
Bronx, N. Y.

... So! I think PANIC stinks!

Glen Double
(no address given)

... I think PANIC is great, gone, stupendous, outstanding, marvelous, and the perfect companion to MAD!

Michael Markunas
Flushing, N. Y.

... If you think it rates with MAD, you're mentally deficient:

Grayson Cook
Glendale, Calif.

... I laughed so much, I died. I really did.

Leon Tatham
Salisaw, Okla.

... Frankly, Al, I don't think your little ol' PANIC is as funny as Harvey's MAD. But maybe PANIC will improve with age. At any rate, I shall continue to buy it for, although the first issue was not as good as MAD, it is still 100 times better than any of its and MAD's imitations.

Wayne Lemen
Holton, Ind.

... PANIC is marvelous. I do not enjoy MAD at all. It is a very poor magazine as far as I'm concerned. For a humor magazine, PANIC is tops. Most humor comics are dull and childish. PANIC is unique. Never did I laugh so much.

Rosalie L. Genes
San Francisco, Calif.

... MAD is much more hilarious. PANIC doesn't seem to have the free, easy-going pattern of MAD.

Bob Holman
Electra, Texas

... PANIC is the most startling panorama of entertainment since Elmo Tanner and his Flying Buffalos. It's funny!

Spike Glukenspeel
Cell Block 47106
Sing Sing

... MAD is infinitely superior. PANIC sure has room for improvement.

John Morse
Detroit, Mich.

... I read your PANIC number 2, and I laughed till I almost busted. My favorite stories were: *African Scream* and *Come Back Little Streetcar*. I want to

thank you for the best comic mag of the year.

Jerry Franklin
Portland, Ore.

... Regarding your FERSHLUGGINER version of der *Afrikan Queen*, in vun pitcher, it shows Herr Oberleutnant und two udder solchers lookink ofer the top of der fort und der boat iss passink underneath, und in der next pitcher, it shows der boat chust comink up to der fort. Better you vatch your schtep, boys, or you get in der hot vater mit Herr Commandant.

Fershlugginer Larry Brady
(mit no address yet!)

... "Come Back Little Streetcar" was a PANIC! Your rag is almost as good as MAD. Actually, it's just as good.

Bruce Krefting
Mill Valley, Calif.

... I think your funny book, or should I say the trash you're putting on the stands, is an insult to the American people.

Kathy Bach
Eve, Pa.

... PANIC is another great E.C. masterpiece. It is super-colossal! I'm really looking forward to its future issues.

Steve McLean
Glen Burnie, Md.

... PANIC is too silly for an adult to read, let alone a child.

Mrs. Ahie Martin
Button Willow, Calif.

... This was the first time I ever picked up a magazine and chuckled aloud ... no, laughed hysterically.

Nina Mazur
Baton Rouge, La.

... PANIC will never live up to MAD.

William McDaniel
Philadelphia, Pa.

... I just finished reading PANIC. To tell you the truth, I am completely undecided about it.

Donald Axelrod
Beverly, Mass.

To tell you the truth, Donald, so are we! Controversial mag, isn't it?—ed.

If you'd like to add your 2¢ to this controversy, write letters ... pro or con, it doesn't matter! And if you'd like to add your \$1.00 to our health and welfare fund, thereby subscribing to the next eight issues of PANIC, the address for both sub orders or pan mail is:

Panicky Editors
Room 706, Dept. 4
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

SMASH THAT KITCHEN RADIO DEPT. (BECAUSE IT BRINGS IN SOAP-OPERAS, BUDDY, AND THE ONLY THING THAT'LL BE CLEANED OUT IS YOUR BANK ACCOUNT! DIVISION): YEAH! WE MEAN IT! DO IT NOW! DO IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! IF YOUR WIFE, SISTER, MOTHER, DAUGHTER (CROSS OUT WHAT DON'T APPLY!) LISTENS TO THIS DRIVEL FROM THE TIME YOU LEAVE FOR WORK TILL THE TIME YOU GET HOME, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE! SO GRAB AN AXE! CHOP UP THE CHASSIS! HALT THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE FROM HEARING...

JUST PLAIN BULL

YOU'VE JUST GULPED DOWN THE SWILL SHE CALLS COFFEE, SCRAPPED THE PLATE CLEAN OF THE GOO SHE CALLS SCRAMBLED EGGS, CHOKED DOWN THE BURNT CARDBOARD SHE CALLS TOAST, AND YOU'VE LEFT FOR WORK WITH YOUR USUAL MORNING HEARTBURN. NOW LET'S DO SOMETHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO! LET'S LOOK IN ON THE LITTLE WOMAN AND SEE WHAT SHE DOES WHEN YOU'RE GONE! READY? THEN BRACE YOURSELF...

FIRST, LIKE A BUSY LITTLE BEAVER, SHE CLEARS THE TABLE, DUMPING THE DISHES INTO THE SINK...



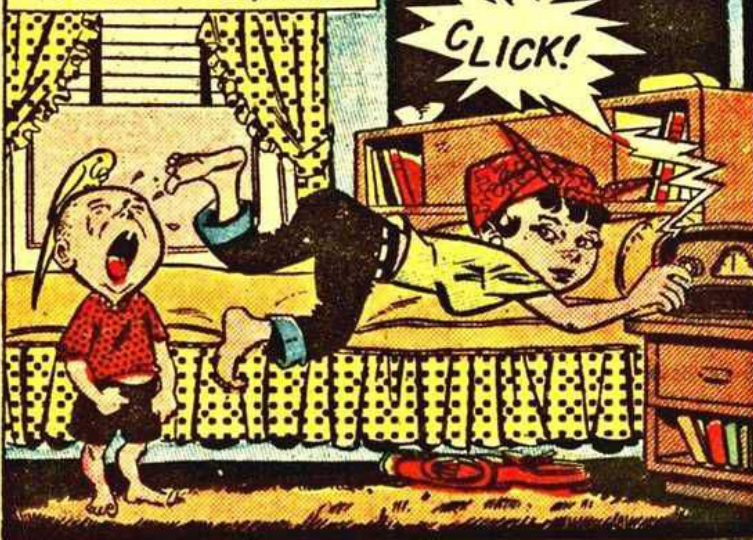
NEXT, SHE TAKES OUT THE BROOM, THE DUST MOP, THE VACUUM CLEANER, THE FURNITURE POLISH, AND ASSORTED RAGS...



THESE, SHE DROPS IN CONSPICUOUS PLACES AROUND THE HOUSE SO IT SHOULD LOOK LIKE SHE'S WORKING IN CASE YOUR MOTHER OR A NEIGHBOR'S WIFE WHO PULLS THE SAME ROUTINE SHOULD COME CALLING.



AND NOW, SHE'S READY. FURTIVELY, SHE TIPTOES INTO THE BEDROOM, KITCHEN RADIO UNDER HER ARM. SHE PLUGS IT IN, PLOPS ON THE BED, AND...



...HER HARD DAY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. GRID PLATES AND CONDENSORS START WARMING UP. EMOTION SEETHES IN THE TUNING COILS... MISERY LURKS IN THE TUBES... TEARS AND LAUGHTER CROUCH IN THE RHEOSTATS, READY TO BLARE FORTH. THE SOAP OPERAS ARE ON THEIR WAY...



SOAP-OPERAS ARE FIFTEEN MINUTE TRAGEDIES. THEY COME ONE RIGHT AFTER THE OTHER THROUGHOUT THE MORNING AND AFTERNOON. THEY'RE ALL ABOUT THE SAME. THEY'RE CALLED SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

...*'WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIES HER GUIDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL BACKSTAGE!'*

THAT'S THE WHOLE TITLE?!



THESE NAUSEATING SALES PITCHES OOOZE FROM YOUR LOUDSPEAKER IN A DEEP AND RESONANT AND SOOTHING AND SEXY VOICE. THE ANNOUNCER TALKS INTIMATELY TO YOUR GAL, COMMERCIALLY SEDUCING HER WITH THIS KIND OF NONSENSE. SHE PICTURES HIM LOOKING LIKE THIS...

WELL, LOOK, BABY! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT WASH-DAY ANYMORE BECAUSE, DARLING... THOSE PETTY PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED. THE MAKERS OF DOODLE SOAPFLAKES HAVE SPENT MILLIONS SOLVING THEM FOR YOU. THAT'S BECAUSE THEY LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU. YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, BABY...



BUT YOUR LITTLE GAL DOESN'T CARE WHAT HE REALLY LOOKS LIKE. SHE'S ALREADY LOST IN A FEMALE DREAM. THIS GUY CARES ABOUT HER! THIS GUY IS WORRIED ABOUT HER WELFARE! THIS GUY SENDS HER...

REMEMBER, HONEY! DOODLE FLAKES WILL DOODLE-AUNDRY. AND YOU'LL HAVE MORE LEISURE TIME SO YOU CAN LIE BACK AND LISTEN TO OUR TRUE-LIFE STORY. PROMISE ME YOU'LL BUY DOODLE FLAKES NEXT TIME YOU SHOP. PROMISE ME, YOU GORGEOUS, ADORABLE VIXEN, YOU...

OH... I PROMISE! I PROMISE! OOOOOHH...



YES, THIS IS A COMPOSITE OF ALL THE SOAP-OPERAS YOUR DARLING LITTLE WOMAN WILL LISTEN TO TODAY. IT DOESN'T HURT SO MUCH IF YOU TAKE 'EM ALL AT ONE TIME! SO HERE GOES! FOR THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES OF THESE QUARTER-HOUR SOB-SESSIONS, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO THE COMMERCIAL...



LADIES, HOW'S YOUR WASH LOOKING THESE DAYS? DO YOUR SHEETS HAVE THAT STOOL-PIGEON-YELLOW LOOK? ARE YOUR UNDIES AND DAINTY THINGS AS TATTERED AS THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER IWA JIMA? DO THE COLLARS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S SHIRTS LOOK LIKE HE'S SLEPT IN THEM?

ACTUALLY, THE CREEP AT THE STATION READING THE COMMERCIAL IS A BALDING, BORED-STIFF BACHELOR WHO DOESN'T GIVE A HOOT HOW MUCH YOUR LITTLE WOMAN SWEATS OVER A HOT TUB. ACTUALLY, HE LOOKS LIKE THIS...



...SO, USE DOODLE SOAPFLAKES AND YOUR SHEETS WILL BE WHITE AS FRESH-SPILLED YOGURT. YOUR DAINTY LINGERIE WILL BE NEW AS THE DAY YOU FIRST SHOPLIFTED THEM... YOUR HUSBAND'S COLLARS WILL STRANGLE HIM... AND THAT WOULD MAKE YOU SO HAPPY, WOULDN'T IT?

SEE WHAT WE MEAN? NOW DOODLE SOAPFLAKES ARE ON YOUR GULLIBLE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER'S SHOPPING LIST. ALREADY IT'S COSTING YOU MONEY BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. THE WORST IS YET TO COME. A NEW VOICE DRIPS FROM YOUR RADIO LOUDSPEAKER...

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR CHAPTER 7,043 OF... 'WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIES HER GUIDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL BACKSTAGE!'

IT MUST BE THE WHOLE TITLE!



THIS NEW GUY HAS *COMPASSION* IN HIS VOICE. THIS NEW GUY *KNOWS* ABOUT LIFE'S *PAIN* AND *UNHAPPINESS*. HE *KNOWS* ABOUT LIFE'S *FAILURES* AND *DISAPPOINTMENTS*. THIS GUY HAS *REALLY SUFFERED!* AFTER ALL... HE'S BEEN *ANNOUNCING* THIS MESS FOR THE LAST EIGHTEEN YEARS! YOUR LITTLE WOMAN PICTURES HIM LIKE *THIS*...

BUT FIRST, A *BRIEF RESUME* OF OUR *STORY* UP TO NOW... YOU *LUSCIOUS, MISUNDERSTOOD, UNAPPRECIATED GLAMOUR-LOVELY, YOU*...



ACTUALLY, HE LOOKS LIKE THIS...

YOU REMEMBER *YESTERDAY'S EPISODE*? YOU REMEMBER WHAT *HAPPENED*? YOU *DO*? YOU'RE *EXOTIC!*



ACTUALLY, WHO *COULD* REMEMBER WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THIS PARTICULAR SOB-SERIAL WHEN THERE ARE *39 OTHERS* TO HEAR? THAT'S WHY, SO YOU SHOULDN'T BE MIXED UP, THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES OF THIS FIFTEEN MINUTE MESS IS WASTED IN A BRIEF RESUMÉ OF THE STORY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS...

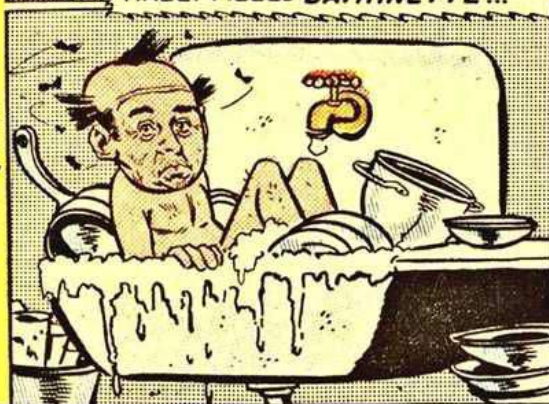
AS, YOU KNOW, *DELLA STALLAS, THE YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL'S MOTHER*, IS SUFFERING FROM THAT *UNMENTIONABLE, INCURABLE MALADY... ALMOST ALWAYS FATAL... MALIGNANT HICCUPS!*



THIS RESUMÉ, YOUR LITTLE DARLING *NEEDS LIKE A HOLE IN HER HEAD!* AFTER ALL, SHE'S BEEN *LISTENING* TO THE PROGRAM EVERY DAY SINCE YOU WERE *MARRIED!* BUT *NO!* SHE *ENJOYS* IT! SHE CAN JUST *PICTURE* THOSE PAST EPISODES...



LEARNING OF HER MOTHER'S ILLNESS, *SHE-SHE*, STILL MOURNING THE DEATH OF HER LATE HUSBAND, *PERRY MASONMINT*, HAS RUSHED TO *DELLA'S* BEDSIDE, LEAVING HER *INFANT SON, PUPPY DAVID*, ALONE IN A PARTIALLY FILLED *BATHINETTE*...



YOU'D THINK THIS WAS *ENOUGH* OF A RESUMÉ? YOU'D THINK TODAY'S EPISODE COULD, WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE, *BEGIN NOW?* OH, *NO!* THERE'S *MORE!*



MEANWHILE, *MA PERKUP*, SHE-SHE'S *MOTHER-IN-LAW*, HAS *CLOSED* HER *CORSET SHOP* AND TAKEN A PLANE *WEST* IN SEARCH OF A MORE *STRAIGHT-LACED BUSINESS*...



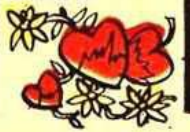
NOW, MAYBE? TODAY'S EPISODE SHOULD START ON A *PLANE GOING WEST?* NOT YET, BUDDY! THERE'S *MORE MISERY* TO REVIEW! LISTEN...



ON THE SAME PLANE, FLYING *EAST* IN SEARCH OF SOMEONE FLYING *WEST* IN SEARCH OF A *STRAIGHT-LACED BUSINESS*, IS *DORENZO JONES* WITH HIS LATEST INVENTION, AN *AUTOMATIC CORSET-LACER*...



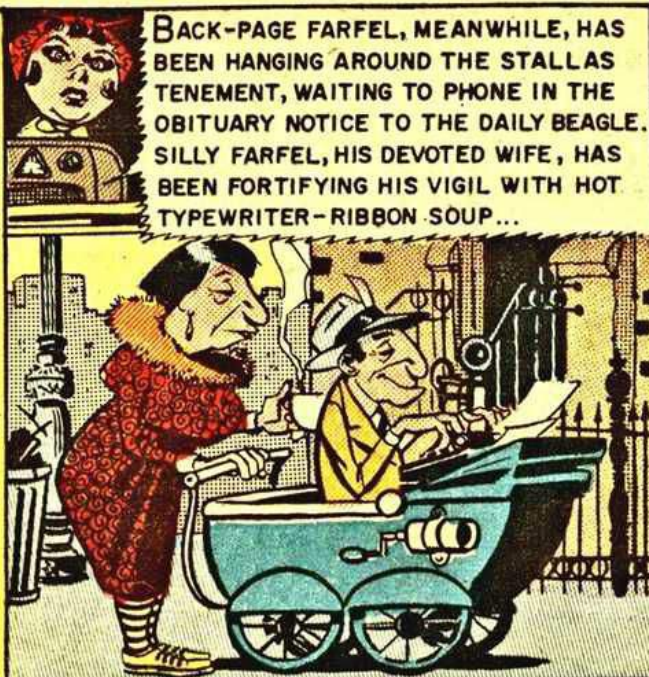
NO! NOT YET! SO TALK TO EACH OTHER! *INDIAN WRESTLE!* IF YOU'RE *ALONE*, PLAY YOURSELF A GAME OF *SOLITAIRE-SCRABBLE!* THERE'S *MORE...*



HOWEVER, *UNKNOWN* TO *MA PERKUP*, HER *NEPHEW, YOUNG DOCTOR MELLON*, THE *WIDOWER*, HAS LEFT *TREE OAKS* BY *JET PLANE* TO RUSH TO *DELLA'S* BEDSIDE, BRINGING HIS CAPABLE NURSE, *MORA DRACK*, ALONG IN A *WING-TANK*...

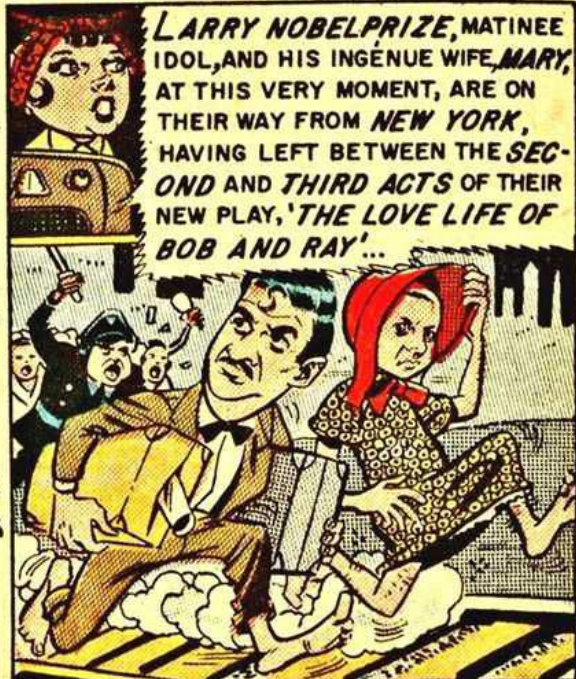


GETTING ANXIOUS? WANNA KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO-DAY? PATIENCE, BOY! DOWN! HEEL! YOUR LITTLE DOLL-FACE HAS A FEW MORE DETAILS TO BE REMINDED OF...



BACK-PAGE FARFEL, MEANWHILE, HAS BEEN HANGING AROUND THE STALLAS TENEMENT, WAITING TO PHONE IN THE OBITUARY NOTICE TO THE DAILY BEAGLE. SILLY FARFEL, HIS DEVOTED WIFE, HAS BEEN FORTIFYING HIS VIGIL WITH HOT TYPEWRITER-RIBBON SOUP...

AND STILL THEY COME! COMPLICATIONS... COMPLICATIONS...



LARRY NOBELPRIZE, MATINEE IDOL, AND HIS INGENUE WIFE, MARY, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ARE ON THEIR WAY FROM NEW YORK, HAVING LEFT BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD ACTS OF THEIR NEW PLAY, 'THE LOVE LIFE OF BOB AND RAY'...

...ON AND ON, UNTIL WHEN YOU'VE JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP ALL HOPE, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN JUST ABOUT LULLED TO SLEEP BY COMPLICATIONS, THEY FIRE THE QUESTIONS AT YOU!



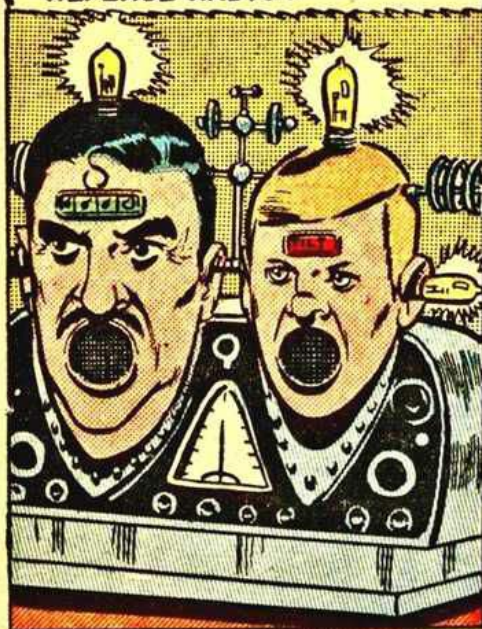
HAH? WHA...? WHO?

WILL DELLA SURVIVE THE HICCUP ATTACK? WILL SHE-SHE EVER GET OVER PERRY MASONMINT'S DEATH? AFTER ALL! IT'S BEEN 14 YEARS! WILL PUPPY DAVID DROWN IN THE BATHINETTE? WILL MA PERKUP TIE UP WITH DORENZO JONES IN THE CORSET BUSINESS? WILL YOUNG DOCTOR MELLON AND NURSE MORA DRACK ARRIVE AT DELLA'S BEDSIDE IN TIME TO SAY "BOO!"?



WILL BACK-PAGE FARFEL PHONE IN HIS STORY? WILL LARRY AND MARY NOBELPRIZE GET BACK TO NEW YORK IN TIME FOR THE THIRD ACT OF THEIR NEW PLAY?

WILL BOB AND RAY EVER REPLAGE RADIO?



LISTEN, NOW, TO CHAPTER 7,043 OF... "WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIES HER GUIDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL BACKSTAGE!"

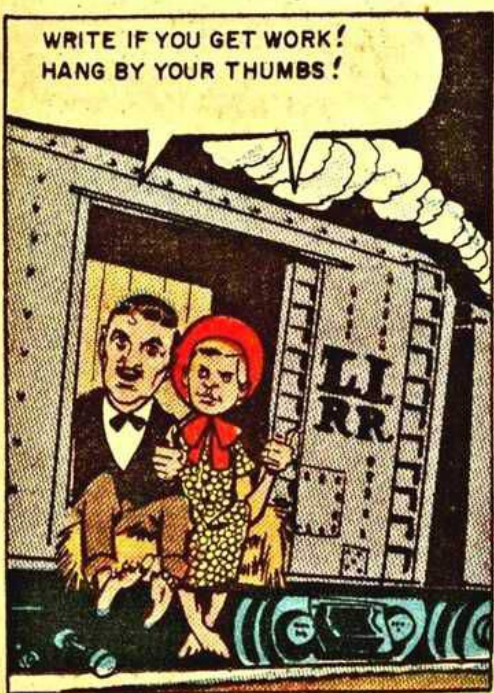


SO HERE IT IS! YOU'VE HAD A FIVE MINUTE COMMERCIAL AND A FIVE MINUTE RESUME. THERE ARE FIVE MINUTES LEFT. HERE'S TODAY'S INSTALLMENT...ER...AFTER THE ORGAN MUSIC, THAT IS...



SOB... OH, PROMISE ME THAT SOMEDAY YOU WILL DIE...

OKAY! LISTEN CAREFULLY, NOW... (4)



LADIES, THERE'S *STILL* TIME TO
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF DOODLE SOAP-
FLAKE'S *SPECIAL OFFER*. IF YOU
HURRY, YOU CAN *STILL* GET THAT
SEVEN ROOM RANCH HOUSE
WE'RE GIVING AWAY *FREE*... FOR JUST
TWO BOXTOPS OF DOODLE SOAP-
FLAKES... AND *THIRTY-FOUR*
THOUSAND DOLLARS. BUT THE
SUPPLY IS *LIMITED*! SO, *HURRY*...



SO THAT'S HOW IT GOES, CHUM! EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR EIGHT SOLID HOURS, YOUR LI'L WOMAN EAGERLY...NAY, HUNGRILY!... SWALLOWS THIS KIND OF TRASH...

SO PUT **MOTHER MURPHY'S QUICK-FROZEN CORNPONE** ON YOUR **SHOPPING LIST** THIS **VERY MINUTE**, YOU **VIVACIOUS CHARMING DOLLFACE**, YOU...
OH, I AM! I AM! SEE?



BY THE TIME SIX O'CLOCK ROLLS AROUND, SHE'S GOT 7 BRANDS OF SOAP-FLAKES, 6 BRANDS OF CAKEMIXES, 4 BRANDS OF FROZEN DESSERTS, 5 BRANDS OF INSTANT COFFEE, AND 12 ASSORTED OTHER 'MUST' ITEMS ON THAT MISERABLE LIST. BUT THAT'S NOT YOUR **REAL** PROBLEM! SO SHE GOES **OVER** HER BUDGET BY \$30 EVERY WEEK! IF THAT WERE **ALL**, YOU'D BE **LUCKY**! YOU **FORGOT**! THE **BREAKFAST DISHES** ARE STILL IN THE SINK...



HERE'S THIS BROAD...BEEN FED SOAP-OPERAS ALL DAY. SHE'S LISTENED TO HOW **SHE-SHE** LIVES ON THE **MIL-LION** SHE'S INHERITED FROM HER LATE HUSBAND. SHE'S HEARD HOW GLAMOROUS **MARY NOBELPRIZE** CAVORTS ACROSS THE **BROADWAY STAGE**. SHE'S RIDDEN WITH **MORA DRACK** ON MISSIONS OF MERCY VIA **JET PLANES**. SHE'S HEARD **ALL ABOUT** THE **TYPICAL AMERICAN WOMAN**...



AND WHAT'S **HER** LIFE LIKE? YOUR **LITTLE WOMAN**? WHAT'S **SHE** GOT? **BREAKFAST DISHES**! **VACUUM CLEANERS**! **DUST MOPS**! **BROOMS**! **ASSORTED RAGS**!...



AND **LESS** THAN **FIFTEEN MINUTES** TO PUT THEM **ALL AWAY** AND GET YOUR SLOPPY **SUPPER** ON THE **STOVE** BEFORE YOU GET HOME FROM **WORK**...



IS IT ANY **WONDER** THAT WHEN YOU OPEN THE DOOR WITH YOUR USUAL **CHEERFUL GREETING**...



SHE ANSWERS WITH...



SO **SMASH** THAT **KITCHEN RADIO**, MISTER! **DO IT NOW**! THIS **MINUTE**! **DON'T** TRY TO FIGURE HER OUT! **DON'T** TRY TO TELL HER ABOUT THE HARD DAY YOU'VE HAD IN THE SEWER. YOU **KNOW** WHAT HER ANSWER WILL BE...

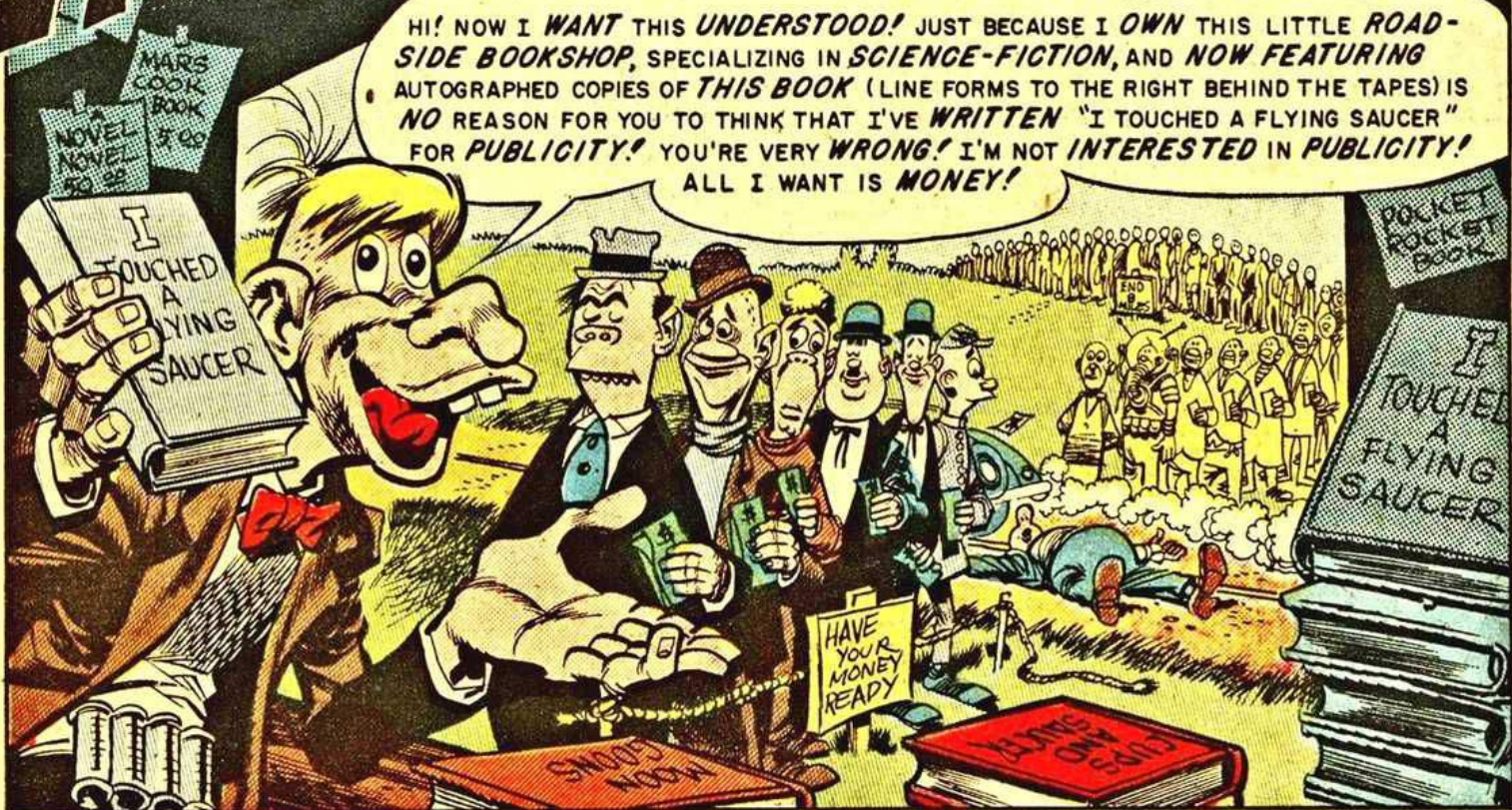


THE END

HOP ON THE BANDWAGON NON-FICTION DEPT. (WRITE A BOOK ABOUT A TIMELY TOPIC LIKE YOU'RE AN EXPERT AND WATCH THE SUCKERS GOBBLE UP COPIES! DIVISION): THERE ARE **MAGIC WORDS** IN THE NON-FICTION FIELD THESE DAYS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS **USE** THEM IN A **BOOK-TITLE** AND IT'S **BOUND** TO MAKE MOOLA! LIKE "**IRON CURTAIN**", FOR INSTANCE! "I CRAWLED OUT FROM **BEHIND** THE..." "I DUG MY WAY TO **FREEDOM** **UNDER** THE..." "I RAN LIKE **CRAZY** **THROUGH** THE..." ARE GOOD EXAMPLES OF BEST SELLERS USING **THIS** PARTICULAR PAIR OF MAGIC TITLE WORDS. THERE'S **ANOTHER** PAIR OF IRRESISTABLE KEY WORDS. AND THIS IS **PANIC** **MAGAZINE'S** IMPRESSION OF WHAT'S FOUND BETWEEN THE COVERS OF BOOKS USING **THEM!** **THEIR** TITLES USUALLY READ LIKE **THIS!**:

I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER!

BY PVT. 'SKULL' E. ADAMS KEYHOLE
U.S. K-9 CORPS (DISHON. DISCH.)



BUT ENOUGH OF THIS EARTHLY CHIT-CHAT! LET US TURN OUR EYES UPWARD...TO THE STARS. LET US GAZE INTO SPACE. LET US WONDER! LET US THINK ABOUT FAR WORLDS AND ADVANCED CIVILIZATIONS AND FLYING...
OOPS!



HEH, HEH! GOT A CINDER IN MY EYE! LET'S SEE! ROLL BACK THE LID...AND...



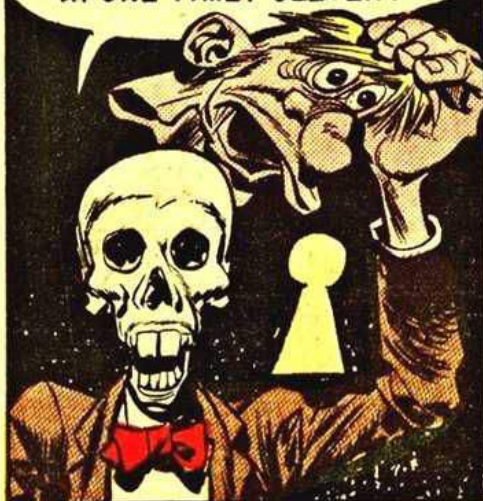
...THERE WE ARE! LOOK! SEE HOW SMALL...HOW INFINITESIMAL THE CINDER IS! LIKE EARTH IN THIS VAST VOID CALLED THE UNIVERSE. AN INFINITESIMAL WORLD. AND YET, IT IS A WORLD THAT OTHER WORLDS ARE WATCHING! WHY? WHY, YOU ASK? WELL, WE GOT **MARYLIN MONROE!**



AND HOW ARE WE BEING WATCHED? HOW IS OUR INFINITESIMAL WORLD BEING SCRUTINIZED, YOU WONDER? I'LL TELL YOU! WE ARE BEING OBSERVED BY THE FLYING SAUCERS! WAIT! WAIT! DON'T PUT ME BACK ON THE SHELF! BUY ME! TAKE ME HOME! I CAN CONVINCE YOU! I GOT PROOF! I GOT PICTURES! I GOT BILLS TO PAY AND I NEED THE MONEY!



MY NAME IS E. ADAMS KEYHOLE. THE 'E' STANDS FOR ELMER. MY FRIENDS CALL ME 'SKULL'. NOT THAT I'M SKINNY! NO! THAT'S SO I CAN SIGN MY NAME "SKULL E. ADAMS KEYHOLE" AND THEM PANIC EDITORS TAKE A SWIPE AT SEVERAL 'EXPERTS' LIKE ME AT ONE TIME! CLEVER?



LISTEN, THOSE PANIC EDITORS GOT IDEAS THEY HAVEN'T EVEN SWIPE YET! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS EARTHLY CHIT-CHAT. WHERE WAS I? OH, YES! I LIVE IN BACK OF MY ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP THERE ... ALL BY MYSELF! I USED TO LIVE WITH MY WIFE... BUT... WELL, THAT'S WHY I'VE WRITTEN THIS BOOK! TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO HER...



'IT ALL BEGAN BACK IN 1947 WHEN, USING A G. I. BUSINESS LOAN, WE OPENED THIS ROADSIDE STAND. WE USED TO SELL HOT DOGS IN THOSE DAYS. USED TO MAKE OUT PRETTY GOOD, TOO. THEN ONE DAY, A CUSTOMER SMILED AT ME WITH MUSTARD-COVERED LIPS AND SAID:

GOT ANY MAGAZINES? SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES?

SCIENCE-FICTION? WHAT'S SCIENCE-FICTION?



'I MUST'VE SAID SOMETHING WRONG BECAUSE IMMEDIATELY MY CUSTOMER BEGAN TO CRY. I LATER FOUND OUT WHY. SCIENCE-FICTION FANS...OR "BEM" AS THEY ARE KNOWN IN SPACE-VERNACULAR...ARE VERY SENSITIVE CREATURES! HE Slobbered AT ME, DROOLING FRANKFURTER JUICE...

YOU...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SCIENCE-FICTION IS? YOU...YOU SERIOUS? HERE! TAKE THIS LATEST COPY OF "INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS"! READ IT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING!

TH-THANK YOU! I...I WILL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR THIS...



'I WAS SO ENGROSSSED IN THE FIRST STORY OF "INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS"...SOMETHING CALLED "THE RAY BRAD BURIED!"... THAT I NEVER NOTICED HIM LEAVE WITHOUT PAYING...

HEY! EINSTEIN! SIX HOT DOGS AND TWO SODAS WE'RE OUT!

THIS...HAS MORE THAN COMPENSATED FOR THEM!



'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THIS IS A RUSE USED BY ALL "BEM" IN ORDER TO EASE THE FINANCIAL BURDEN OF TRAVELING TO S-F CONVENTIONS. HOWEVER, I WAS SOLD! I TOOK IN SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES AS A SIDELINE...

LOOK, ETHEL*! HERE'S A STORY ON FLYING SAUCERS!

SHUT UP AND HELP ME BUNDLE THESE RETURNS!



*I HAVE CHANGED GLORIA'S NAME TO ETHEL TO PROTECT HER INNOCENT FAMILY LIVING IN ST. PAUL! -

AUTHOR

'LITTLE BY LITTLE, *SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES* REPLACED *SUGARED DOUGHNUTS*...*SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS* REPLACED *SANDWICHES*. OURS WAS THE *ONLY* *ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP* IN THE AREA SERVING *BICARB*. AND MY CURIOSITY ABOUT *FLYING SAUCERS* GREW...

YOU TAKING *NOSE DROPS*?

DON'T BE *FUNNY*! I'M LOOKING FOR *FLYING DISCS*!

COMET
COMETS
BY A
COMY

GAS
METER
BY
LON
EDSON

'AS THE MONTHS PASSED AND MORE AND MORE *FLYING SAUCER SIGHTINGS* WERE REPORTED, I BECAME DETERMINED TO *SEE ONE MYSELF*. SO I BUILT A *SMALL HOMEMADE TELESCOPE*...

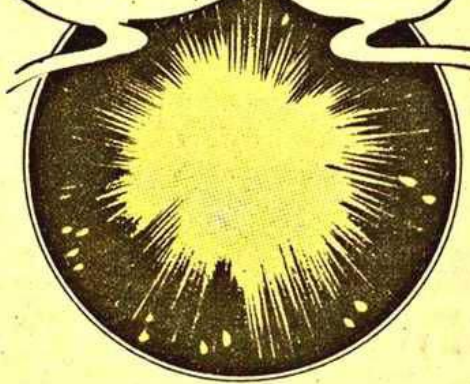
LOOK, *GALILEO*! I HATE TO *DISTURB* YOU, BUT...

I *SEE ONE*, *ETHEL*! I *SEE ONE*!

'IT WAS ON A SUMMER NIGHT IN 1948. THERE WAS A BRISK WIND BLOWING. SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, A *BRILLIANT GLEAMING LIGHT* HAD APPEARED BEFORE ME AS I SAT STARING THROUGH MY *TELESCOPE*. IT *LOOKED LIKE THIS*...

IT'S A *FLYING SAUCER*, *ETHEL*! A *REAL FLYING SAUCER*!

SORRY TO *SPOIL YOUR FUN*, *BUCK ROGERS*...



'*ETHEL* REACHED OUT AND *SCRAPED* IT FROM THE *OBJECTIVE LENS*. IT WAS A *LIGHTNING BUG* THAT HAD BEEN *SLAMMED* AGAINST IT AND *SQUASHED* BY THE *WIND*. IT WAS *STILL GLOWING* WITH A *SICKENING GREENISH LIGHT*...

SEE!? NOW, COME WASH THE *POTS AND PANS*!

SPOIL-SPORT!

'THAT *EMBARRASSING* EXPERIENCE ONLY LEFT ME *MORE DETERMINED*. I *SOLD* THE *TELESCOPE* AND BOUGHT A *CAMERA* WITH THE *MONEY*. ONE DAY, AS I WAS *WALKING* IN TOWN...

A *FLYING SAUCER*!

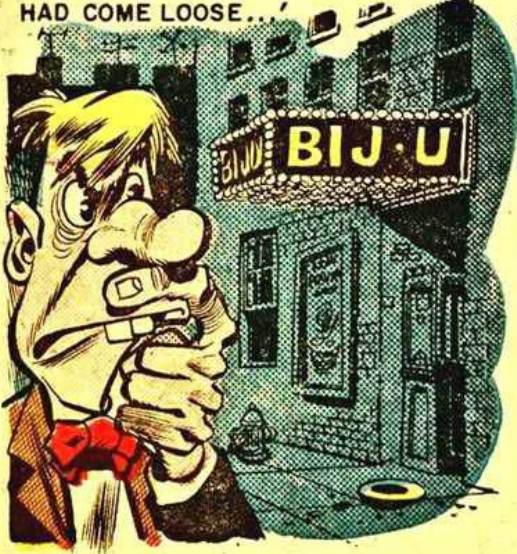
'I *RAISED* MY NEW *BROWNIE* AND *SNAPPED SIX PICTURES* IN *RAPID SUCCESSION*...

'I *RUSHED* BACK TO OUR *LITTLE STAND* TO *DEVELOP* THEM...

...BUT I'D *FORGOTTEN* TO PUT *FILM* IN THE *CAMERA*!



'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE "FLYING SAUCER" I'D SEEN IN TOWN HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN THE "O" FROM THE **BIJOU** THEATER-MARQUEE SIGN THAT HAD COME LOOSE...'



'BUT I DID NOT LOSE HOPE. I LOADED MY CAMERA WITH **GOOD FAST FINE-GRAIN FILM** AND I SET OUT AGAIN, STILL DETERMINED...'



'I **UTTERED** THAT ACCEPTABLE S-F EXCLAMATION AT THE **SIGHT** THAT MY EYES BEHELD. I'D BEEN WALKING DOWN THE HIGHWAY AND HAD HEARD A **RUSHING ROAR**. JUST OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON, I'D SEEN THE **HURTLING METALLIC DISC**. I RAISED MY CAMERA AND **CLICKED OFF SEVEN PICTURES** IN **RAPID SUCCESSION**...'



'I RUSHED BACK TO MY BOOKSTAND TO **DEVELOP** THEM...'



'THE **NEGATIVES** CAME OUT **VERY CLEAR**. CLEAR LIKE **GLASS**! I'D PUT THE FILM IN **BACKWARDS**!'



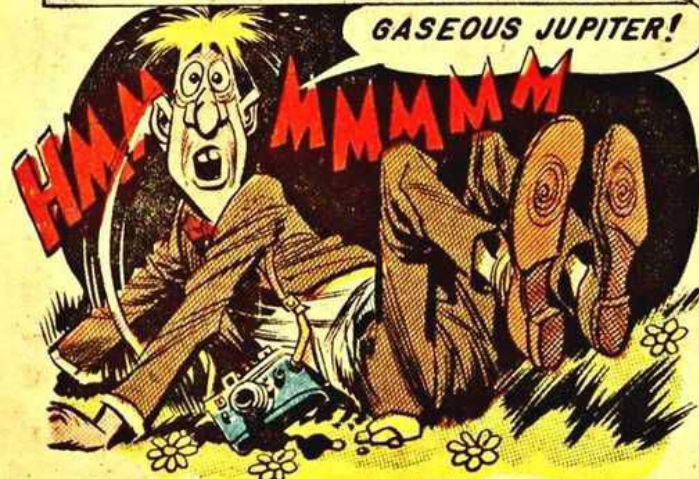
'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE **RUSHING ROAR** I'D HEARD HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN A **CADILLAC COUPE-DE-VILLE** PASSING ME AT **95 M.P.H.** THE "**METALLIC DISC**" I'D SEEN WAS ONE OF ITS **HUB CAPS**...'



'BUT I WAS **NOT DISCOURAGED**. I **CAREFULLY LOADED** MY CAMERA **CORRECTLY** AND GREW TIRED. I LAY DOWN TO REST. SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKENED BY A **HUMMING SOUND**...'

'THERE, HOVERING BEFORE ME, WAS A **BLUISH SPINNING OBJECT**. WITHOUT RISING, I **SNATCHED** MY CAMERA AND HAD TIME TO TAKE **ONE PICTURE** BEFORE THE **SPINNING DISC** VANISHED...'

GASEOUS JUPITER!



'I RUSHED BACK TO MY ROADSIDE STAND TO *DEVELOP* MY PRECIOUS PICTURE...'



'THIS TIME I'D GOTTEN A *PICTURE* OF *SOMETHING* ALL RIGHT! MY *THUMB!* IN MY HASTE, I'D COVERED THE LENS!'



'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE "*SPINNING DISC*" I'D SEEN HOVERING OVER ME WAS A *SMALL BOY'S* LIGHT BLUE "*SLEEPING*" DUNCAN YO-YO...'



'OTHER MEN, BY THIS TIME, WOULD HAVE THROWN UP THEIR ARMS IN *DISGUST*. BUT *NOT I!* I WAS EVEN *MORE* DETERMINED THAN *EVER*. I DECIDED THAT *NIGHT* OFFERED ME MY BEST CHANCE. I LOADED MY CAMERA WITH *INFRA-RED FILM* AND PURCHASED AN *INEXPENSIVE* GEIGER-COUNTER. IF THE FLYING SAUCERS WERE *RADIO-ACTIVE*, THE GEIGER COUNTER WOULD *AWAKEN* ME. I WENT TO SLEEP WITH CONFIDENCE...'



'I WAS AWAKENED RUDELY BY A *STEADY CLICKING*. I *SAW* THE CIRCULAR OBJECT *SILHOUETTED* AGAINST THE DAWN SKY OUT MY BEDROOM WINDOW. I GRABBED MY CAMERA AND SHOT *EIGHT PICTURES* IN *RAPID SUCCESSION*...'



'I RUSHED TO THE *DARKROOM* AND *DEVELOPED* MY *INFRA-RED FILM*...'



'I WAS *OVERJOYED!* I'D GOTTEN *EIGHT CRYSTAL-CLEAR PICTURES*...'



'...OF MY *NIGHT-TABLE ALARM CLOCK!* ITS *TICKING* HAD *AWAKENED* ME!'



'MEANWHILE, MY ROADSIDE BOOK-
STAND HAD BEEN **STEADILY LOSING
MONEY**. ETHEL SEEMED TO BE
LOSING **PATIENCE** WITH MY "**FLYING
SAUGER EXCURSIONS**." BUT I
DOGGEDLY SEARCHED ON...



'I PHOTOGRAPHED **TWO BEER
CAN TOPS** BEING **SCALED** BY
YOUNG RUFFIANS...



'I TOOK AN EXCELLENT PICTURE OF
A WINDSWEEP **UMBRELLA** DURING A
RAINSTORM...



'ON JULY FOURTH, I ALMOST LOST MY **MIND**
CHASING **SKYROCKETS** AND **ROMAN CANDLES**...



'AND THEN CAME THE MEMORABLE EVENING OF **SEPTEMBER
22, 1953**. THE **BANK** HAD SENT US ITS NOTICE OF **FORE-
CLOSURE** ON OUR LITTLE BUSINESS. **ETHEL** WAS IN THE
KITCHEN, PACKING OUR BELONGINGS INTO A **BARREL**. I WAS
OUTSIDE ON THE COOL GRASS, STARING UP AT THE **STARRY SKY**...

HEY, **MOONSTRUCK!** YOU
GONNA COME IN AND **HELP?**

IN A **MINUTE**,
ETHEL!



'IT WAS A **BEAUTIFUL** NIGHT. **ETHEL'S INSULTS**
COULDN'T EVEN SPOIL ITS **BEAUTY**...

I'M **WARNING** YOU, SPACE
HAPPY! EITHER YOU
COME IN AND **HELP**,
OR...

IN A **MINUTE**,
ETHEL!



'IT WAS **THEN**... ON THAT MEMORABLE NIGHT OF **SEPTEMBER
22**... THAT I **SAW IT**. A **REAL, UNMISTAKABLE FLYING
SAUGER!** IT HURTLIED **TOWARD** ME, OVER THE **NIGHT COUNTRY
SIDE**...

I **WARNED** YOU, **ELMER!**

ETHEL! ETHEL,
LOOK!

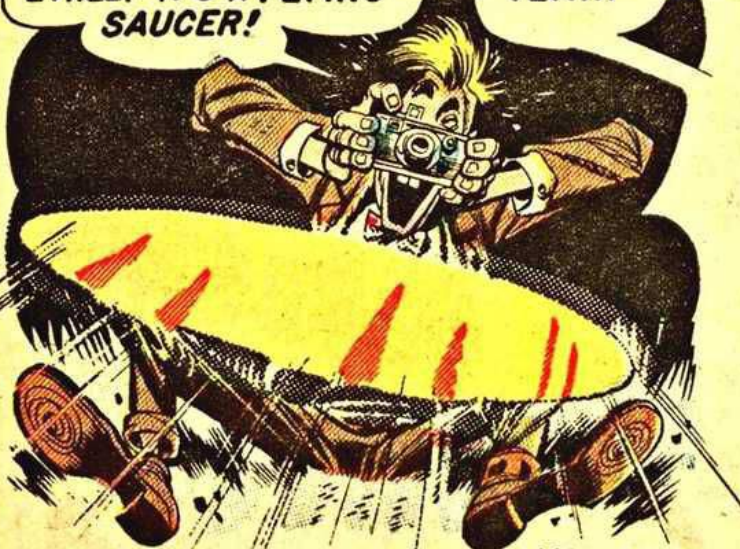


'EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO **SUDDENLY!** I REMEMBER SNATCHING MY LOADED WAITING CAMERA AS IT LOOMED LARGER...

'...AND SNAPPING THE PICTURE BEFORE EVERYTHING EXPLODED IN A WHITE BLINDING FLASH..'

ETHEL! IT'S A FLYING SAUCER!

YEAH!

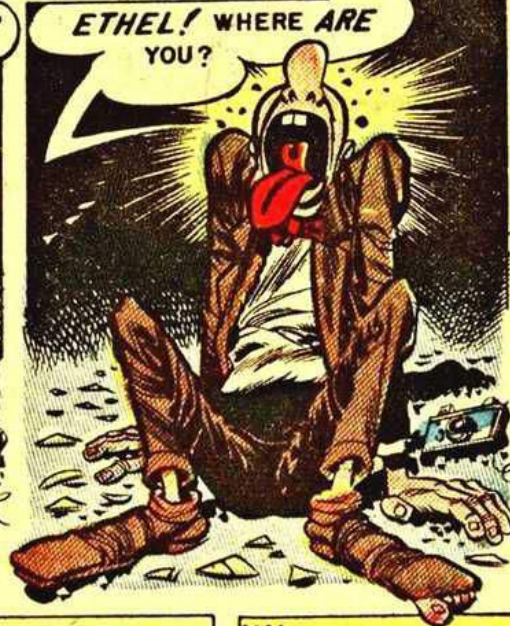


'WHEN I CAME TO, HOURS LATER, BITS OF STRANGE SPARKLING MATERIAL LAY SCATTERED AROUND ME...

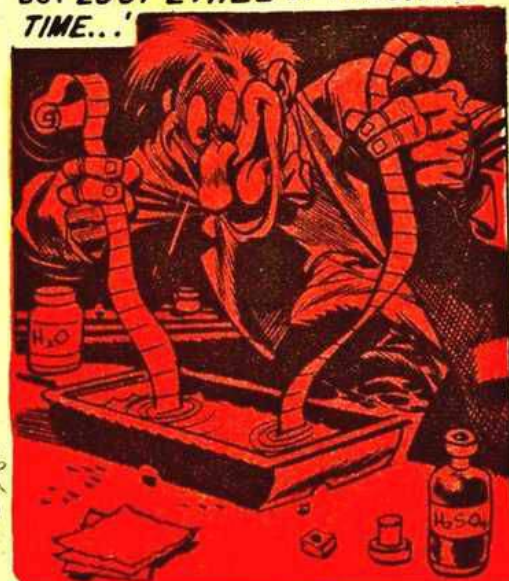
'No **SOUND** CAME FROM MY LITTLE APARTMENT BEHIND THE BOOKSTAND. **ETHEL WAS GONE...**

WHA...WHAT HAPPENED? **ETHEL!**

ETHEL! WHERE ARE YOU?



'I DEVELOPED THE FILM SADLY, KNOWING THAT AT LAST I'D **PHOTOGRAPHED MY FLYING SAUCER**, BUT **LOST ETHEL** AT THE SAME TIME..'



'IT WAS A **GOOD PICTURE!** THE **DETAILS** OF THE "FLYING SAUCER" WERE **VERY CLEAR!** IT WAS A **REAL FLYING SAUCER**, ALL RIGHT! **ETHEL'D THROWN IT AT ME.** I'D TAKEN ITS PICTURE BEFORE IT'D HIT ME IN THE HEAD, SMASHING TO BITS, KNOCKING ME COLD! **HERE IT IS...**

'WE MET BRIEFLY JUST **ONCE** AFTER THAT, **ETHEL AND I**, IT WAS AT THE **LAWYER'S OFFICE.** THEY TOLD ME WHAT **ALIMONY** I'D BE EXPECTED TO PAY...

SO MUCH MONEY?!

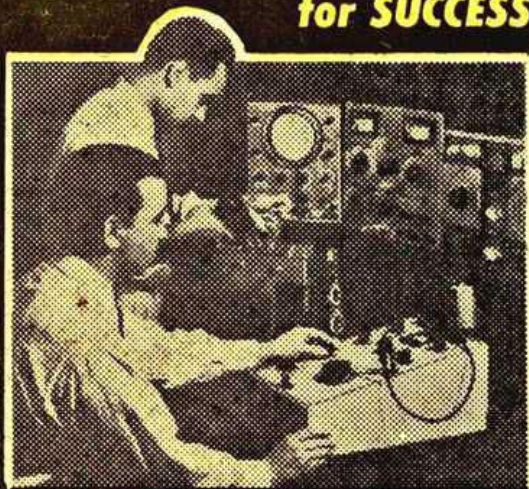
SO, **SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK!** WHO SHOULD IT BE? **ME?!**

OUR **BEST CHINA, TOO!**

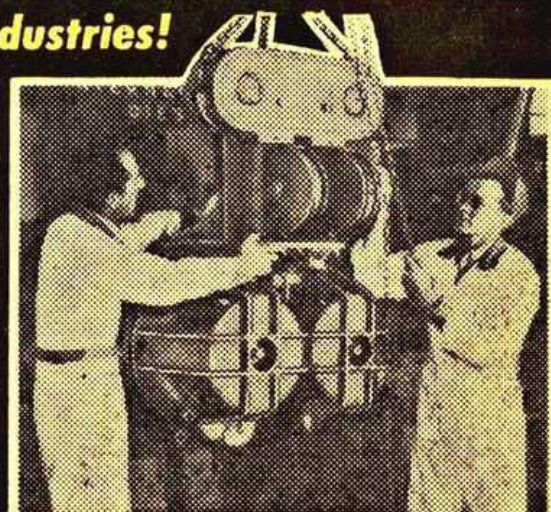


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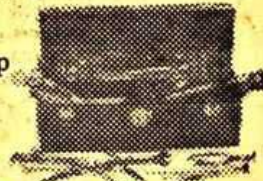


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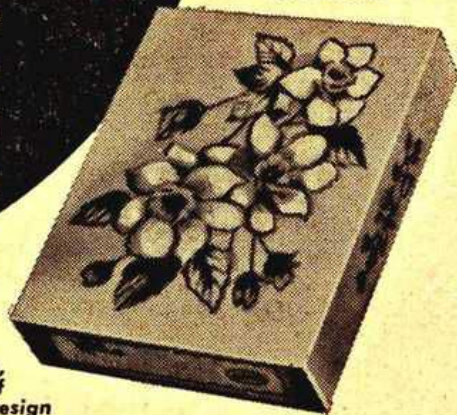
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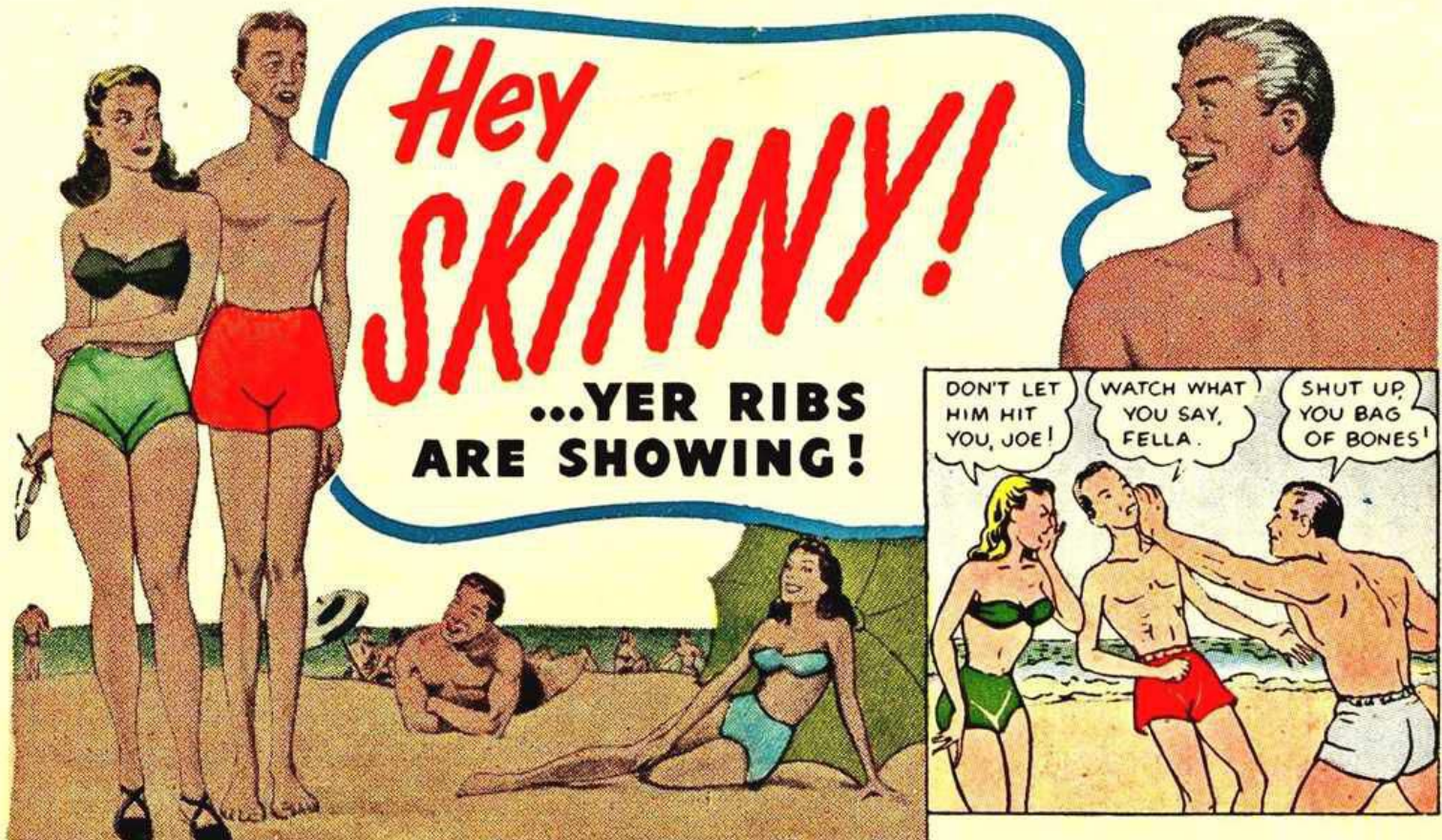
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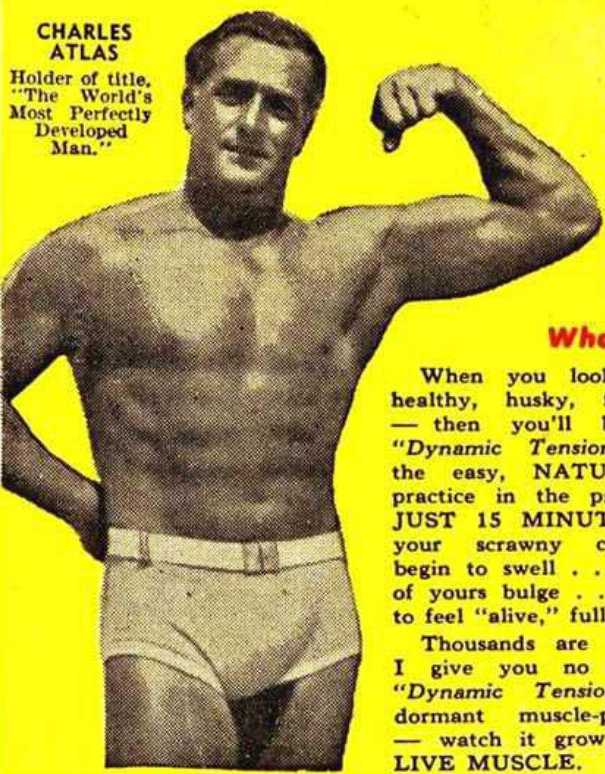
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